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THE PAPER-DUTY.

MMR. DISRAELI would act wisely in not offering any further opposition to the abolition of the excise on paper. The party division of last week was to a certain extent justified by the respectable numbers of the minority, but a second trial of strength would give useless trouble, and might probably be more favourable to the Government. Even in party contests, it is necessary to affect some regard for logic and consistency. The Opposition thought it expedient to accept the official statement of a surplus, because a reduction of the Tea-duty was likely to be more popular than a general protest against fiscal sacrifice. As the vote of Thursday week has disposed of the alternative concession, no tenable argument can be urged in favour of retaining the Paper-duty. All parties have agreed, in defiance of the soundest judgments, to remit two millions of taxation, and at present no counter-proposal is brought forward to compete with the Ministerial project. The House will not be inclined to revoke its decision, although it is perfectly true that little enthusiasm is felt for Mr. GLADSTONE or for paper. The grocers who are to save 30/- or 50/- a year in the wrappings of their packages are not likely to lower the price of a single article of consumption. The paper which is put in the scale is already far cheaper, in proportion to its weight, than the tea, or sugar, or currants, which it contains, and as the covering diminishes in price, it is highly probable that it will be more liberally introduced into petty retail dealings. Mr. LEVESON GOWER gallantly attempted to revive the prejudice which was formerly felt or expressed against taxes on knowledge, but the House of Commons and the rest of the community have long since come round to the conclusion that tracts and circulars are sufficiently cheap and abundant in comparison with beer, and sugar, and tea. The repeal of the tax on paper will chiefly benefit the consumers of the coarser qualities, and of those fibrous products which have been included by the Excise under the same definition. Even Mr. GLADSTONE's water-pipes, if they escape the threatened attacks of Mr. BENTINCK's rats, may possibly succeed better than Sir ROBERT PEEL's glass contrivances for the same useful purpose. As Lord ROBERT CECIL truly remarked, Chancellors of the Exchequer, on these occasions, always pull something out of their pockets, and Mr. GLADSTONE could scarcely produce in support of his argument a copy of the *Morning Star* or one of Kossuth's Hungarian notes.

As the relief will only amount to a fraction of a penny on a single copy of the bulkiest journal, it is evident that newspaper proprietors cannot reduce their prices except at a considerable sacrifice. The question whether they will themselves effect any important saving, is still open to discussion. The Continental export duties on rags are vexatious and irritating, especially as they, to a certain extent, enable the foreign manufacturer to undersell the English maker. It is certain, however, that an increased demand in Belgium or France will soon add to the price of the raw material, and the home manufacture is not likely to decline so far as to stimulate an export of rags from England. Under the legislation of last year, free competition already exists, and the abolition of excise restrictions will certainly not impose any new difficulty on the English paper-maker. The supply of rags, if the collection is judiciously organized, ought to be proportionate to the wealth and comfort of the population. There are more shirts and more ropes worn out in England than in half the Continent, nor can the country where new cotton and linen fabrics are cheapest suffer under a comparative dearth of the same articles when they have passed into the state of raw materials of knowledge. Picturesque rural paper mills are not likely to arise, except in Mr. GLADSTONE's fervid imagination, but the owners of existing manufactories are not seriously alarmed.

The only justification of the duty, as of taxes in general, was to be found in the revenue which it produced. The limitation in the supply of raw material is confined to the superior qualities of paper, for the fibres of various kinds which may be reduced into pulp are almost infinite in quantity and in variety. Mr. CAIRD, rivalling Mr. GLADSTONE in ingenuity, lately assured agricultural members that the superfluous wheat straw on heavy clays would henceforth be found almost as valuable as the grain which it robs of due nutrition. As political expediency has led to the abolition of the duty, it is well to find consolation for a questionable fiscal measure in sound or imaginative calculations of material advantage. Even Income-tax payers may reflect that they have this year been bribed into connivance, instead of being mulcted for the benefit of penny newspapers.

There is no reason to apprehend a repetition of the supplementary Budget of 1860. The American troubles suggest no probable cause for an increase of naval or military armaments. A few additional cruisers for the protection of English commerce may readily be supplied from stations where they are less urgently required. It is fortunately certain that neither of the belligerents will be inclined wantonly to provoke a foreign quarrel. If, however, there is any war in 1861, Mr. GLADSTONE himself will not be able to convey a paradox in the proposition that it is new and unexpected. In 1854, he shut his eyes to the angry correspondence with Russia. In the following year, he asserted that a new war commenced at the time of his own resignation of office in the middle of the siege of Sebastopol. The despatch of 20,000 English and French troops to China failed to convince him that it was judicious to provide for impending hostilities; and he still maintains that the active progress of the expedition was an unforeseen emergency. It is difficult to say how much of Mr. GLADSTONE's unpopularity arises from his gratuitous rhetorical assaults on the doctrines of common sense. Intelligent minds are disposed to make allowance for seeming obliquities in action, which may arise from the necessity of evading complicated and unknown difficulties; but no State expediency can explain egotistical peculiarities of thought and expression. Verbal sophisms always raise a suspicion that there is no better foundation for the conclusions which they are perhaps superfluously employed to support.

There is more risk of disappointment in the estimated revenue than of increased expenditure. Two cold weeks have, since the production of the Budget, diminished the likelihood of a productive harvest, and the blockade of the Southern American ports may interfere injuriously with the supply of cotton. On the other hand, it is possible that merchants and manufacturers may profit by the suspended energy of American competition, and it is generally believed, though perhaps on insufficient grounds, that the expected war on the Continent is adjourned to another year. Two or three months of hot weather would ensure a respectable surplus, but it would have been wiser to abstain from a speculative reduction of revenue. The confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE's judgment which had been severely shaken by last year's Budget has not been renewed by the less obnoxious measure of 1861. No fiscal reduction has ever been less popular than the repeal of the Paper-duty, and there is reason to believe that the comparatively palatable alteration of the Income-tax is due to the pressure of reluctant members of the Government. In spite of the overflowing eloquence with which Mr. GLADSTONE is able to adorn the wisest or the wildest projects, his authority as a financier over the judgment of the House is as slight as if he were the most commonplace of Ministers. If Sir ROBERT PEEL had proposed the repeal of the excise on paper, the measure would have been adopted without opposition, through the habitual confidence which was reposed in his discretion. Mr. GLADSTONE is always supposed to be influenced by a

caprice or a crotchet, or at best by a one-sided exaggeration of a sound argument. The concurrence of the Cabinet adds nothing to the weight of his opinion, because it is generally suspected that he has overborne his colleagues by menaces of desertion. It is impossible ever to feel certain that the taxes which he proposes to retain may not be recommended to his preference by their most conspicuous defects. The fantastical theory that taxation ought to be made disagreeable as an incitement to parsimony still takes its turn with other recurrent paradoxes in Mr. GLADSTONE'S oddly constituted mind. Traces and collars deliberately constructed for the purpose of making horses kick or jib would be strictly analogous to an Income-tax devised in the hope that it would be intolerable to the community. There is, on the whole, reason to be satisfied that the House of Commons has approved the principal Budget resolutions; but moderate satisfaction falls short of enthusiastic appreciation or gratitude. The House expresses the opinion of the country when it declares, by a narrow majority, that paper and PALMERSTON are, under present circumstances, preferable to DISRAELI and tea.

AMERICAN BELLIGERENTS AND EUROPEAN NEUTRALS.

THE questions of international law that are suggested by the rupture of the United States are numerous, complicated, and of surpassing interest to Englishmen. We are far too largely involved in trade with both parties to the conflict to be indifferent to the position we must occupy while the war continues. Hundreds of English merchants are eagerly asking whether they can safely continue to trade with New Orleans and New York, what demands they are to resist, and what amount of interference they are to tolerate. The struggle has been so unexpected, that even the contingency of its happening never occurred to the advocates of those legal doctrines as to neutrals which the United States have long endeavoured to establish. But international law would be a very poor affair if it could not lay down rules even for unexpected cases; and we believe that almost all the questions that arise will admit of being brought within the scope of acknowledged and indisputable rules. Lord JOHN RUSSELL has announced that the English Government has recognised the Southern Confederation as a belligerent Power; and so much is comprised in this recognition that it may be said to involve the solution of at least half the questions which the eager apprehensions of the representatives of our large commercial towns have pressed on the Government.

Common sense dictates what the English Government laid down many years ago in the case of Greece—that it is a question of fact, rather than of law, when a revolted portion of a State with which we are on terms of amity can be fairly recognised as a belligerent without violating neutrality. There must be a certain amount of success on the part of the rebels—they must have something like an orderly and established government—they must, in the language of a despatch quoted by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, have attained “a certain degree of force and consistency.” It is seldom, however, that the recognition is entirely determined by a calculation of the position and resources of the revolted province or State. The neutral is aware that recognition of any sort has a political bearing, and gives at least a slight accession of prestige to the rebels. The neutral may say that he only registers a fact, and this is true; but as one of the parties to the conflict wishes the fact should be registered, and the other generally wishes it should not, there is always a slight favour done to the one side, and a slight disfavour done to the other. The neutral also very naturally takes into consideration whether it is convenient for him that he should recognise the belligerent. It might easily be a pure matter of indifference, except for political reasons, whether the recognition was conceded or not. The recognition of Hungary was refused, we may suppose, partly because the English Government did not like to prejudice the Austrian cause, and still more because, as Hungary has no seaboard and had no ships, none of the difficulties could arise which throw us into such perplexity when a Power which we do not recognise as a belligerent exercises the rights of a belligerent at sea. No one in England can doubt that our Government has done quite right to recognise the Southern States as a belligerent Power, although in this case we should be more than usually sorry to injure the State that claims to be the sovereign. It is greatly for our

convenience to recognise the Southerners, and they have quite enough of force and consistency to justify us. All that we do by this recognition is to acknowledge their flag, and to reserve the right of sending consuls to their ports. The formal recognition of them as an independent nation is quite a different thing. The one does not at all compel us to grant the other; and we are as much at liberty to make what stipulations we please, should we ever formally recognise the Southern Confederation, as if we were now going to treat them as pirates.

It is for the neutral to say when he will hold one of the contending parties in a civil war to be a belligerent, and he must take the risk of incurring the justifiable displeasure of the other party if the recognition is not warranted by the facts. But when once the recognition is made, he must allow all its consequences to take effect. For example, it has been asked whether the cruisers of the North will have a right to levy dues outside the Southern ports. It is obvious that we cannot now admit this right. The Southern States assert that they are at war with the Federal Government. The organs of that Government contend that it is not at war, but is only punishing domestic rebellion. Some one must decide which is the true state of the case, and we have decided it, as in our capacity of neutrals we are quite right in doing, so far as concerns ourselves. There is now no better reason that an English vessel bound for Charleston should pay dues to a Northern cruiser than that two years ago an English vessel bound for Venice should have paid toll to a French cruiser. Then, again, we can no longer have any hesitation about the right of the Southern Confederation to send out privateers. This is part of the rights which belong to every belligerent, and, apart from any special treaties that may exist, every Southern privateer bearing a proper commission from its Government may visit and search English vessels, and confiscate as good prize the property of Northerners found therein.

Nor can there be much doubt as to the relation of English neutral vessels to the contending Powers, for both must be held to be bound by the same rules of international law that lately bound the whole American Union. It would be a very dangerous doctrine to hold that the Americans are in any way affected by the Treaty of Paris. They refused to accede to the rules of international law laid down in the Treaty, and it does not in the least bind them that, if one of the rules had not been there, they would have acceded to the rest. For, if they are to accept the burden of the clauses to which they thus provisionally acceded, they must also take the profit, and thus they would be held to have got all the advantages of neutrality they contended for without having abandoned privateering. The Treaty of Paris did not affect the United States, and their doctrine as to neutrals is exactly what it was before. Their Courts have repeatedly decided that this doctrine is the same as that which prevailed in England until the beginning of the Crimean war. The flag does not cover the goods. An English vessel is not protected in carrying the goods of one of the belligerents, and is liable to be stopped and searched by the cruisers of either. It is, we believe, a pure mistake to suppose that the Americans have ever abandoned, or denied, or in any way questioned the right of visit and search in time of war. The notion that a vessel has only to show the Union Jack at her mizen, and carry as many rifles, cannon, and other contraband of war as it pleases through a flotilla of Northern cruisers into any Southern port is, we apprehend, a mere delusion. The claim of the Americans, that a ship bearing the American flag should never be stopped or questioned at sea, only referred to times of peace; and we ourselves have taken on us to pronounce that this is not a time of peace, but of war. With most nations except England, the United States had entered into a convention stipulating that the flag should cover the goods, provided that the enemy of the time being recognised the same rule. It would appear that this would apply in the case of a French ship at the present moment, as the enemy—that is, the South—must be supposed to observe the rule laid down with regard to France by the parent Confederation, and is sure, as a matter of fact, to observe a rule that will conciliate European Powers. A French ship may, therefore, we imagine, carry enemy's goods, except contraband of war, into an American port, but an English ship cannot. With regard to blockade, no question is likely to arise, as all parties agree that to be operative it ought to be a real, and not what is termed a paper blockade. Nor can the doctrine that a sovereign can-

not blockade his own ports, if such a strange doctrine ever existed, be applied in this case. We have admitted the right of blockade in conceding the title of a belligerent to the party whose ports are blockaded. The general result of the inquiry is not perhaps quite so favourable to English interests as could be wished. But we may observe, that to have rights, and to exercise them, are two very different things, and it is scarcely to be supposed that either party to the conflict will venture to quarrel with England, or even to incur the ill-feeling which might very easily ensue, if we found the general rights of belligerents over neutrals were used to place us at an exceptional disadvantage.

ITALIAN AFFAIRS.

THE difficulties which Rome presents to the Italian Government are not altogether without compensation. Nothing is more common than a grievance which the sufferer is in no hurry to remove. It produces a kind of excitement in the very discontent which it occasions, and in many cases it stands in the way of something worse. It would be intolerable that Rome should be permanently occupied by a hostile potentate under the protection of a foreign garrison, but while the kingdom and the army are undergoing the necessary process of organization, it is convenient to be engaged in diplomacy instead of war, and to be provided with a satisfactory excuse for delays and temporary arrangements. It is possible that neither the KING nor his Minister may be in a hurry to abandon the ancient capital of Piedmont, and it might be difficult to resist the rival pretensions of Milan, Florence, and Naples, if the claims of Rome were not at the same time undisputed and revisionary. It is necessary to place a common object before all the provinces of Italy, and for the present the destined enterprise against Venetia cannot be prudently attempted. The final triumph over Papal obstinacy will probably be more complete when the overthrow of the temporal power has been rendered familiar to minds which at first seemed incapable of comprehending the catastrophe. The expediency of a compromise is recognised by a considerable section of the ecclesiastical body, and by a minority of the Sacred College itself. The Italian Church, by closing with the offers of the Government, might at this moment secure a power and independence which are unknown to any European establishment. The KING is willing to tear up all Concordats which restrain the spiritual authority of the POPE, the Bishops, or the priesthood, nor would it be necessary in return to sacrifice any part of the endowments which belong to the secular clergy. The POPE himself would probably be allowed to retain a titular sovereignty, on condition of renouncing all temporal jurisdiction. It will, however, be difficult to arrange the conflicting claims of the two Italian Courts if Rome eventually becomes the seat of the national Government. It is not undesirable that, before a settlement takes place, the Holy See should be allowed to exemplify to the utmost the meanness, the spitefulness, and the corruption of its traditional rule. Even the personal animosity which PIUS IX. exhibits to any of his subjects who express independent opinions, sharpens the contrast between his effete administration and the manlier system which is to succeed it. The local rebellions and atrocities which the Roman authorities promote in the adjacent provinces of Naples may tend to unite the South with Northern and Central Italy in a well-founded detestation of an anti-national Government.

It must be admitted that one half of the kingdom contributes little or nothing to the financial and military resources of the whole. The troops which are employed in maintaining order in the newly acquired provinces are as numerous as the whole Neapolitan contingent, and far more trustworthy. The nobility, and the more formidable body of the clergy, are to a great extent reactionary; the peasantry are too ignorant to distinguish between dynasties and constitutions; and the Government depends entirely on the support of the middle classes, including the smaller landed proprietors. The suppression of convents has perhaps been pushed forward with indiscreet rapidity, for the families of expelled recluses are by no means anxious to receive and maintain relatives who had been already provided for or disposed of in accordance with the customs of the country. The benefited clergy had become the chief local police agents of the fallen Government, and they are naturally unwilling to lose the power of persecuting their neighbours. In all quarters there is intelligible ground for dissatisfaction, although the changes which have been effected

are in almost every instance great social improvements. The future popularity of the Government will chiefly depend on the material advancement which more rational and liberal institutions can scarcely fail to effect. It was the policy of the BOURBONS to discourage locomotion, internal and external trade, and almost every branch of industry, except the ordinary operations of agriculture. Some of the richest districts in Italy are still unprovided with roads for vehicles which might supersede the ancient mule-paths from valley to valley. The Bay of Naples, though its shores swarm with population, maintains few vessels above the rank of fishing-boats; and the Government took care that the morals of the remoter provinces should not be corrupted by railway communication with the capital. The new system has the opportunity of dealing with undeveloped resources which may in a short time double the wealth of the country; and even Neapolitans, though they may as yet be indifferent to freedom or to national greatness, appreciate the advantage of becoming richer. The cities of Romagna are already shaking off the chronic torpor which they had endured under the Papal Government; and Ancona will probably soon become the principal port of the Western Adriatic. The natural advantages of Naples are equally capable of development, and the Government, by encouraging public works and fostering industry, will best secure its own durability.

The foreign relations of Italy have not been affected by any visible change. It cannot be doubted that Count CAVOUR watches anxiously the progress of the Hungarian movement, and his hopes must have been encouraged by the unsuccessful opening of the Federal Assembly at Vienna. The advice of England and of other Powers assists him in discountenancing the impatience of his more eager countrymen, but any event which weakens the military power of Austria will be immediately followed by an Italian attack on Venetia. The visit of GARIBALDI to Turin, with the quarrels and reconciliations which it occasioned, has greatly strengthened the Minister, and it is difficult to over-estimate the advantages which the Italian Government derives from the mere fact of its continued existence. Public good, right, and popular feeling are often regarded as revolutionary when they are opposed to the actual distribution of power; but even a beneficent system, when it is once visibly established, commands a certain amount of respect and confidence. The Italian Grand Dukes and the ex-King of NAPLES are now pretenders in the eyes of many who formerly denounced the infringement of their legitimate rights. Only the most uncompromising advocates of the temporal power claim for the POPE wider territories than the district which is still held in subjection by the French. The possession of the greater part of the Peninsula is more and more thought of as involving an ultimate and indefeasible right to the acquisition of the rest. French pamphleteers have almost ceased to deduce arguments against the formation of an Italian kingdom from the admitted pettiness of the old Piedmontese monarchy. The diplomatic recognition which has been accorded by England, and by several minor States, will soon be conceded by France, and probably by Russia and Prussia. It is not probable that Austria will acknowledge the obnoxious title, except at the close of the war which seems to be ultimately inevitable. For the moment, Italy has ceased to be the chief object of political attention; for Poland and Hungary distract the attention of Europe, and the strange American crisis creates deep anxiety in England. There can be little doubt that great events will hereafter revive the sympathy which was felt, twelve months ago, with GARIBALDI's daring enterprise. The petty intrigues of the Papal Court, and the difficulties of administering the Neapolitan provinces, are not equally attractive to politicians or newsmongers.

In all that has happened, Englishmen have only to regret the circumstances which have made Italian policy to a great extent dependent on France. The war of 1859, the occupation of Rome by the French, and the neutrality of all the other Powers, rendered the relation of Italy to France excusable because it was unavoidable. The attainment of independence will be promoted, not by a reversal of the past, but by a progress in strength and unity which will render foreign patronage unnecessary. In a correspondence which has recently been published, the Duke of WELLINGTON, while he disapproved Lord PALMERSTON's Spanish policy, rightly and candidly distinguishes it from the intrigues of LOUIS PHILIPPE and M. GUIZOT, on the ground that it was exclusively directed to the supposed benefit of Spain, without

any selfish reference to the interests of England. In spite of the inveterate prejudices of the Continent, the conscience of all parties bears witness that the greatness, prosperity, and freedom of Italy have been the exclusive object of the sympathy which has been expressed for the late revolution. The aggrandizement of France, always justly regarded with disfavour and suspicion, has been tolerated in the hope that Italy, after being helped, and after paying the price of assistance, will eventually be strong enough to stand alone. The excessive confidence which many Italian politicians repose in the good will of the Emperor NAPOLEON, though it is certainly not prevalent in England, admits of explanation, and perhaps it may in some degree tend to justify itself. The honest and manly resentment which GARIBALDI cherishes against France has not secured the approbation of judicious Englishmen to a policy which might have been thought more popular than Count CAVOUR's excessive demonstrations of calculated gratitude.

THE IONIAN DEBATE.

THE Ionian debate of this week in the House of Commons was mainly characterized by a singular and pleasing harmony of temper amid the most world-wide diversity of opinions. Every member who spoke promulgated his individual theory of the reciprocal rights and duties of Great Britain and the Ionian Islanders, with that perfect freedom from acrimony which is easily maintained on topics so far removed from the ordinary battle-fields of Parliamentary warfare. There was a universal concurrence in the opinion that the amount of ventilation which the question was undergoing would inevitably "do good" in the Ionian Islands, at the same time that each speaker was understanding "the cause of the Ionians" in a different sense. From the enthusiastic admiration of Mr. MAGUIRE for the noble islanders who fought at Marathon "shoulder to shoulder" with their brothers of the mainland, only to fall in 1815 under the yoke of British protection, to the humorously complacent self-appreciation shown by Mr. LAYARD in pointing out to the Ionians that, if they had been an oppressed nationality, it would have been his particular business to take care of them, the discussion was marked on all hands by a sincere wish to show the sympathy of a natural justice to the inhabitants of the alien dependency which Europe entrusted to our protection at the Treaty of Paris. It was unavoidable that the theoretical upholders of the schemes of Greek annexation should endeavour to prove their case by attempting to apply the principles laid down in Lord JOHN RUSSELL's despatch to Count CAVOUR, as the great Corfiote exponent of Greek nationality, Signor DANDOLO, had already done before them. It was natural that Mr. GLADSTONE should pronounce a regretful panegyric upon the "birth-strangled babe" of a free constitution which he would so willingly have left as the legacy of his mission among the Ionians, had they but been loyal enough to accept it. But, however wide the variety between the different lines of argument and policy indicated in the debate, the general temper of the House may perhaps convince even the demagogues of Corfu that the British Parliament adopts to the fullest extent the sensible and practical statement of its leader, that England is "so strongly anxious to promote the happiness and prosperity of the Islands, that nothing will induce her to consent to inflict on them the serious injury and evil which would arise from annexation to the kingdom of Greece." When once such a conviction is thoroughly impressed upon the nebulous body which for the sake of courtesy may be termed public opinion in the Ionian State, it may perhaps be found that among the Islanders themselves there are men of sufficient influence, honesty, and moral courage to come forward and co-operate heartily with the Protectorate, at the risk of much temporary unpopularity.

The Government are clearly justified by the soundest policy in virtually withholding from publication all documents connected with Mr. GLADSTONE's mission beyond those which have already become public in one way or another; and Mr. MAGUIRE exercises a sound discretion in not pressing for anything beyond the reproduction in a Parliamentary shape of the information which it was in his power already to have acquired. The broad facts of that mission are patent to everybody—that Mr. GLADSTONE was despatched by Sir E. B. LYTTON, then Colonial Secretary, on a visit of inquiry into the alleged grievances of the Ionians; that, in the face of a generally expressed disloyalty, which was the

sole reason upon the surface for the unsatisfactory working of their legislative institutions, he offered them a Constitution of a far more democratic or separatist colour; and that, in the hope of gaining all they asked for by refusing to be satisfied with less, that offer was contumeliously rejected by the very Assembly which Sir HENRY STORKS has again of late been obliged to prorogue. It would be irrelevant now to inquire into the real history of Sir JOHN YOUNG's unfortunate despatch touching the colonization of Corfu. Whether or not some understanding may originally have existed between Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir E. B. LYTTON that it would be desirable to test upon the spot the feasibility of such a plan, became but matter of curious speculation as soon as the illegitimate publication of that confidential paper had taken place. Mr. GLADSTONE'S own speech gives us as full a commentary upon the motives of his journey, and the spirit in which he performed his mission, as could be contained in his official correspondence at the time. If the character of the people with whom he had to deal, and the consequent difficulty of dealing with them, are not to be interpreted rightly from his oral narration before the House of Commons, they will be none the easier to decipher from the Blue-book which is to satisfy Mr. MAGUIRE's zeal for information.

Mr. GLADSTONE allows that his hopes of conferring any practical benefit on the Ionians themselves were greatly dashed by the excitement which followed the revelation of the despatch referred to. But he still considered that at least the character of England might be set right with the world, if a generous and frank offer of the most liberal institutions were none the less boldly made; and he acted accordingly. Entertaining always the highest respect for his motives, we thought at the time, and we still think, that he acted with serious indiscretion. If he had known more of the Ionian character at the time of entering upon his mission, he would have understood that the popular excitement which met his eyes was a stock exhibition, capable of being put upon the stage at any moment with a fervour exactly proportioned to its supposed chance of influencing the spectator for whose benefit it was repeated. If he had been better acquainted with the details of Ionian history, he would have been aware that the most shameless corruption, the most helpless incapacity, and the most hopeless dishonesty of administration had mainly begun to prevail since, in 1848, the pen of Lord SEATON was drawn through a few words of the Constitution in a spirit of rash reforming pedantry, which turned a council of responsible Government nominees into a chamber of so-called representatives responsible to nobody at all. He might have learned that from that date every Parliament had invented a gratuitous opportunity of recording its seditious disloyalty to the Constitution under which it was sitting, and had done all that in it lay to enact laws of which the suicidal absurdity was only equalled by the flagrant dishonesty. He might have discovered that the veto of the LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER upon Bills passed through both the Assembly and the Senate was the only practical check upon the perpetration of such ludicrous and rampant iniquities, and that in several cases measures had been sanctioned, against the LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER'S better judgment, from sheer anxiety to defer to constitutional analogies borrowed from the practice of England. He might have even recognised, from the moment of his landing, the fact that it was the uncalled-for phenomenon of his own mission, and not the publication of the impracticable plan to which Sir JOHN YOUNG'S name had been appended, which invited the Ionians to a more than ordinary outlay of calculated seditious excitement. Had he been a CROMWELL, a clear knowledge of the intrigues which were going on about him might have tempted him to dismiss the Ionian Parliament, bidding "God judge between himself and them," instead of offering them fresh opportunities for malversation in order that England might "look Europe in the face" in the pride of logical consistency. Being Mr. GLADSTONE, he would probably, in despite of the fullest knowledge, have worked out his preconceived idea.

The subject may well be passed over in silence, if nothing else hangs on the debate but the production of the papers with which the Government is about to gratify Mr. MAGUIRE. But the triumphant tone of eloquent and absolute self-justification adopted by Mr. GLADSTONE suggests the certainty that he personally would at any moment be inclined to renew to the letter the offers he made the Ionians, if it should ever again come within his province to do so. We trust that the Government of which he is a member is not

generally imbued with any such zeal for constitution-mongering. Next to the impolitic cruelty of handing over the islands to Greece, would be that of repeating the temptation of Mr. GLADSTONE's too liberal concessions. The late LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER boasts that he overcame the moral cowardice of the most respectable Ionians so far as to induce them to confess that the time for annexation to Greece has not yet arrived. Had he sounded the real sentiments of the most honest minds and the highest intelligences among them even more confidentially, they would have told him with a nervous sincerity that a step backward, and not forward, was the only method of securing a right basis for the good government and ultimate self-government of the Islands. The slightest study of the lawless and corrupt agrarian despotism which prevailed in the Venetian period is sufficient to expose the futility of the suggestion that it is the systematic bribery of the British Protectorate which has corrupted the Ionian people even to the persons of its elected representatives. Among several other inaccuracies in his portraiture of the Constitution which he tried to amend, Mr. GLADSTONE stated the real scandal of the disproportional payment of the Ionian legislators so incompletely as to leave a false impression on the House. It was but a year before Mr. GLADSTONE's mission that the Ionian Legislature, of its own motion, first doubled its own salary, and then voted that it should be payable irrespectively of the duration of the session. It is no more fair to suggest that this is an abuse of English administration than it is conclusive against the freedom of the present system of elections to point out that, after all, only one in every twelve of the whole male population is registered as enjoying the franchise. It must be taken that the selfish and corrupt demagogues who, in Mr. GLADSTONE's language, "fatten upon the 'pastures' of Ionian official life, are, from whatever motive, the genuine elect of the Ionian people voting by wide, though not universal, suffrage. The natural inference certainly does not point towards either a lowering of the electoral qualification or an enlargement of the representative functions. Mr. GLADSTONE's plan defied all rational augury; and Mr. GLADSTONE is even yet convinced of his own entire justification.

Speech is silver, and Mr. GLADSTONE's accents are pre-eminently silvery; yet the eloquent discourse upon those hypothetical eventualities of the Eastern question which might render more easy the abandonment of the Ionian Protectorate by Great Britain has a dangerously tempting ring about it, which, in the interest of Ionian tranquillity, might more wisely have locked it up in Mr. GLADSTONE's own breast. Silence is golden, and Lord PALMERSTON's wind-up of the debate is almost as good as gold in its solid and sententious brevity.

AMERICA.

THROUGH the cloud of newspaper magniloquence which envelopes American transactions, a serious feeling of irritation and warlike excitement may be discovered in the North. Even the city of New York, which had always supported the pro-Slavery party, has been moved by the danger of the Federal capital, and by the destruction of the United States' squadron at Norfolk. Volunteers are offering their services, several militia regiments have marched southwards, patriotic subscription-lists are rapidly filling up, and the newspapers are already discovering heroes to applaud. A Captain JONES, who destroyed some arms and stores at Harper's Ferry, instead of leaving them for the Virginians to use, is proclaimed by one journal the first hero of the war. The favourite of the moment, however, is the officer who surrendered Fort Sumter—prudently, perhaps, and certainly without the loss of a man. Major ANDERSON, according to the enthusiastic reporters, is no speaker; but it seems to be his practice to attend meeting after meeting, and "his presence itself is a speech." The loquacity and exaggeration which have long been applied to trivial affairs tend to vulgarize and distort the events of a great and unexpected crisis. There seems to be no doubt that the North has at last been aroused from its hesitation and timidity, and Americans, whatever may be their political faults, are not likely to prove cowards in the field. The Federal Government relies entirely on the contingents of the loyal States, for the small standing army is rapidly melting away through the disaffection of the Southern officers. Washington and the district of Columbia are enclosed in the territory of Virginia and Maryland, and a hostile force is stationed within two or three miles of the city on the opposite bank of the Potomac.

The attack of the Baltimore mob on a Massachusetts regiment which was marching to the support of the PRESIDENT, has produced general and just indignation in New England, Pennsylvania, and New York. The right of passage through the State of Maryland will be maintained by force; and it is scarcely probable that a local opposition to the advance of reinforcements will be further attempted. It will not be difficult, in the course of a few days, to concentrate 20,000 men at Washington; and a smaller force would effectually secure the city from attack. The arrangements for providing food and stores for the garrison will be troublesome and expensive, though not impracticable. If the capture of the town is understood to be impossible, the Southern troops may perhaps abstain from taking the offensive, and the probability of a collision might in that case be indefinitely postponed.

New York politicians assert that the secession of Virginia is so far advantageous that it presents an enemy within reach of attack. Plans for seizing Baltimore and occupying Richmond, as the basis of ulterior movements on Charleston and Montgomery, are for the moment thought plausible and likely to be effective. It is not perhaps impossible to collect an irresistible army which might force its way into South Carolina and Alabama, but an enterprise of such magnitude will not be undertaken merely to gratify a feeling of resentment, when it is obvious that it can produce no solid or lasting advantage. The insults and injuries which have been inflicted on the Union by the seceding States leave the original quarrel substantially unaffected. In calmer moments, it was universally admitted that the subjugation of the South was impossible, and the obstacles to reconquest are not diminished by the secession of Virginia and North Carolina. The conditions of peace and the mode of prosecuting war are ultimately determined rather by the position and interests of the belligerents than by sentiment or passion. The Northern States have nothing to gain by a prolonged campaign, and although their resources are great and their population pugnacious, they have no institutions adapted to a war of invasion. The lawyers and shopmen of New York are willing to risk their lives for the honour of their country, but they cannot permanently be spared from home. The rural districts, from the scarcity of hired labour, still more urgently require the presence of the farmers who cultivate the soil. The mythology of the original rebellion against England has so far superseded the history of the time that few Americans are aware of the difficulty with which WASHINGTON kept an army together during the War of Independence. By almost impossible miscarriages the English Government achieved a triumph of imbecility which has naturally been turned to account in the boastful narrations of the successful party. The seceding States, in defence of their own dominions, are not likely to emulate the military administration of Lord NORTH. There is at present nothing to fight for but the possession of Washington; and it is absurd to suppose that the capital of the United States will finally be retained where the Legislature must deliberate in the midst of a foreign territory. It is not improbable that the Congress, which is summoned to meet on the 4th of July, will be forced to transfer its sittings to a more convenient spot; but Mr. LINCOLN will probably be able to retain possession of the city to the end of the war.

It was the interest of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS and his colleagues to precipitate a collision for the purpose of driving the Border States out of the Union; but since the object is accomplished, having attained practical independence, the Southern Government has nothing more to fight for. Retaliatory measures against Virginia will only destroy any remaining attachment to the extinct constitution, and the maritime operations which are threatened, although they may be annoying, can, from their nature, only be temporary. As both parties in the quarrel will find their account in bringing it to an end, there is no reason to anticipate a long and destructive war. The Free States ought to congratulate themselves on getting rid of their fractional responsibility for the slavery which was protected by the law and force of the Union. Peace and prosperity will, in a few years, replace the population which they have lost by the secession; and if their Federation can hold together, it will still form a great and powerful Republic. It is not improbable that the Southern Union may modify its internal institutions by placing some check on the caprices of the multitude. The corruption and recklessness which are thought endurable at New York or Philadelphia might be dangerous in the midst of a slave population; and it seems that the

revolution has hitherto been directed by the owners of property and the natural leaders of society. Nothing in the proceedings of the Government of Montgomery equals in meanness and stupidity the bargain by which, in the midst of the crisis, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts sold the interests of the country for a selfishly protective tariff. Statesmanlike directness and sagacity have hitherto only been displayed on one side in the quarrel. The PRESIDENT of Montgomery was selected for his known ability by the leaders of the party. Mr. LINCOLN's nomination was an election manœuvre, only rendered possible by his acknowledged obscurity.

The neutral attitude assumed by Kentucky creates an additional complication. A State which refuses obedience to the constitutional demands of the PRESIDENT may legally be considered as in open rebellion; but any attempt at coercion, even if it were practicable, would only change passive resistance into open hostility. In a civil war, neutrality involves repudiation of allegiance, and the Union is as much at an end for Kentucky as for Florida or South Carolina. The Border slave-owners are perhaps deterred from joining the cotton Confederation by their desire that a fugitive slave law should still be in force on the opposite shore of the Ohio. No underground railway to Canada would be necessary if the State of Ohio were a foreign country in its relations to Kentucky. The confusion of rights and duties which is natural to America may perhaps lead to the belief that the Federal Constitution may be repudiated for purposes of allegiance, and yet retained as a security for slave property. Thoughtful friends of the Union may well be alarmed at the discovery that secession is possible under various forms, and in more than one direction. The great chasm which has opened between North and South may possibly produce a transverse fissure of East and West. The States on the Upper Mississippi are agreed with the Atlantic provinces on the question of slavery, but their interests are wholly opposed to protective tariffs. The sanctity of the Federal bond is finally destroyed, and fresh causes of difference among the remote and dissimilar States will constantly arise. In the prosecution of the actual war, there will be many degrees of energy; and unequal losses, sufferings, and exertions will necessarily lead to dissatisfaction and complaint. The expediency of avoiding further internal disputes furnishes an additional reason for the adoption of a pacific policy by Mr. LINCOLN's Government. If terms of accommodation can be devised, there is no fear that an arrangement will be impeded by the warlike ardour of commercial ports which are already trembling for their shipping and their trade.

ROME THE CAPITAL OF ITALY.

NAPOLEON'S saying, that "Italy had no capital," was the saying of a strategist who decided the question merely with reference to local position. Local position no doubt has something to do with the making of a capital; but habit and historical tradition have much more to do with it. By local position Italy may be said to have no capital, but her capital by habit and historical tradition is Rome. The Eternal City has, it is true, during the division of Italy and the suspension of Italian nationality, been rather the centre of European than of Italian interests. It has been the seat, not of a national Government, but of a great theocracy, whose dominion, or pretended dominion, was the world. The Universal Pontificate succeeded to the place and to the aspirations of the Universal Empire. Yet the eyes of Italians have been turned to Rome as well as the eyes of the world, and they have been turned to Rome alone. Turin, or any other city, may suffice as the military head-quarters of the Dictatorship under which Italy is combined to achieve her freedom. But no other city than Rome can, in the end, be accepted as a head by the land of illustrious and rival cities. Those who read the present of Italy by the light of its past may well feel misgivings as to the possibility of its remaining, in the full sense of the term, a united nation, when once the struggle which subdues divisions and factions to the necessities of the common cause is past. But whether national or merely federal union be the ultimate result, the capital of the nation, or the capital of the federation, must be Rome. The keystone required to complete the arch of Italian independence is the rock of the Capitol.

The Emperor of the FRENCH knows this well. He lingered long at Gaeta, and by lingering there kept alive the horrors and uncertainties of the Neapolitan contest, because

he at the same time kept the game open for the disunion which he patronizes, and for the Muratism which follows in its train. He lingers now at Rome partly, no doubt, because, in assuming the protectorate of the Papacy, he has involved himself in a desperate dilemma between the claims of the Ultramontane party and those of international justice; but partly, also, because when the wedge of foreign occupation is once removed, Italy will, under one form or other, irrevocably become a nation. To remove this wedge of foreign occupation is now the great practical object of Italian patriots, and the one thing wanted to crown the edifice which has been raised by the benevolent, though astute and intriguing, genius of CAVOUR. That statesman has, indeed, shown himself wary and cautious in this, as in the other steps of his perilous undertaking. He has felt that if the presence of the French army at Rome was the last obstacle to a united Italy, it was also the last refuge in case of renewed war and Austrian victory. That danger is now rapidly passing away. Italian independence has acquired a legality and a moral solidity which, in a Europe ruled by opinion, no civilized Power can easily venture to outrage. An act of desperate revenge was probable only while the wounds of honour were fresh and smarting; and the passions of a "chivalrous young Emperor" are not likely to be shared by the elective Senate of an Empire on the verge of bankruptcy and dissolution.

But, Rome recovered, and made the national or federal capital of Italy, the question arises. What is to become of that Papacy which is still the centre and support of the religious faith and organization of so many nations? There is room enough in the palaces of Rome for two or for more monarchies. Nor would the mere expense of maintaining the Papacy be an obstacle; for, apart from their petty place-hunting court, the Popes have cultivated at least one element of moral greatness by adhering to a dignified simplicity of life. For the religious part of the Pontifical state the wealth of past ages has provided a sumptuous temple, and a trifling cost will furnish forth the annual pageant. The difficulty lies not there. Nor does it even lie in the claims of the Papacy to the temporal dominions, which stern necessity will set aside, and which succeeding Popes elected under the new conditions will tacitly relinquish. The difficulty lies in the juxtaposition of an ecclesiastical potentate raised above national allegiance, elected by a European conclave, and holding European sway, with the head of a national Government. Can a Universal Pontiff and an Italian King dwell in amity together? It is easy to say that, while reigning in the same place, they will reign over totally different spheres—the one over the temporal, the other over the spiritual. That plausible division of authority has, however, been proved by the experience of all history to be as difficult practically as it is theoretically simple and obvious. It has been found that an ecclesiastical power which exercises complete dominion over the souls of men does not leave much for the temporal power to govern. All nations, therefore—even the most Catholic—have found it necessary to prevent a division of allegiance by placing the Primacy of the national Church virtually in the nomination of the Government. Let those who doubt the importance of this point figure to themselves an Archbishop of Paris or Toledo elected by a European college of cardinals, and exercising an entirely independent spiritual dominion over the French or Spanish nation. It was the departure of the Roman Government from Rome to Constantinople that left room for the Bishopric of Rome to raise itself, first into an independent ecclesiastical Power, and then into a universal Papacy. To make Rome again the seat of temporal Government is to reduce the Pope to an Italian primate; and an Italian primate cannot be the ecclesiastical head of all nations.

If, then, it is to be assumed that the Papacy must quit Rome when the Monarchy enters it, a grave and difficult question presents itself. Without Rome, what would the Bishop of ROME, what would the POPE, be? That he would, in any case, find a resting-place for the sole of his foot need not be doubted. The Catholic Powers would of course vie with each other in offers of hospitality and protection, though it appears scarcely possible that he should remain the perpetual guest and dependent of one Power, and yet retain his authority as the impartial Father of all. There are those who imagine that some petty island may be compelled to accept the incubus which Itsy rejects, and to immolate itself to the last exigencies of the expiring theocracy of the Middle Ages. But no man who has read the history of the Papacy with historical rather than ecclesiastical eyes, can doubt that the consecrated phrase

urbi et orbi embodies a deep historical truth—that Rome is the talismanic name to which the nations of the earth have bowed, and that to lose the Eternal City is to lose the allegiance of the world. The Italians are bent on consummating their national independence. They have been at no pains to calculate how the Papal religion is to exist without a Pope—neither have they the slightest glimpse of any religion beyond the Papal. But they have put religious considerations behind them, and are resolved, at all hazards to the Church of which they are traditionally members, to work out their political regeneration. In that object they will succeed, and Rome will be the capital of Italy. But on the day when Italian nationality enters her gates a greater than any political crisis will have arrived. A new page will be opened in the history of Christendom.

WAR AND MONEY.

MODERN experience has dissipated a theory which once prevailed without dispute in the most orthodox commercial circles. Up to the time of the Russian war, it was assumed as a matter of certainty that the outbreak of hostilities, even between foreign nations—and *à fortiori* a war in which we were ourselves engaged—must, in the regular course of things, bring down Consols at once to a price unheard of in time of peace, and raise the rate of discount to a most alarming point. These notions are traceable to a crude generalization from the facts of the great European war, which lasted almost without intermission from the establishment of the first French Republic to the final fall of NAPOLEON. A scarcity both of capital and of money was the inevitable consequence of a struggle so fierce and protracted, but it is an error, confuted alike by experience and theory, to suppose that the immediate effect of a brief war is at all analogous to that of a long-continued struggle. When politicians clearly foresaw that a struggle with Russia was impending, the shrewdest speculators of the Stock Exchange commenced operations for a fall. They were a little in advance of the general public in their political sagacity, and their predictions of war were duly fulfilled; but, to the amazement of all believers in stereotyped maxims, the war which was to have made the fortunes of "the bears" only exposed the fallacy of their calculations. The funds refused to fall to anything like the extent which had been anticipated, and the real effect of the war upon commercial affairs was scarcely felt until after peace had been proclaimed. Then, indeed, the waste of the resources of this and other countries began to tell, and it was no doubt among the causes which aggravated the great commercial crash of 1857.

There is nothing in this but what might fairly be expected. The instant effect of military operations is, it is true, to create a demand for capital, and especially for coin, to be used in the wasteful arts of destruction. But, at the same time, the ordinary demand for commercial purposes is checked in at least an equal degree; and while belligerent Governments by their loans help to raise the rate of interest and to depress the price of national securities, commercial firms counteract their influence by the prudent contraction of business which is the first result of a disturbance of peace. Probably the whole amount borrowed in the first year of a war is less than it would have been if peace had been maintained; and the true reason why important hostilities ultimately derange the money markets of the whole world is not so much that they produce an increase in the demand for money, as that they diminish the world's wealth by squandering in destructive operations the labour which ought to add its quota to the aggregate capital of all nations. If this be so, it follows as a matter of course that there is nothing in the commencement of a war, apart from the panic which it may cause, to affect very seriously the price of capital—or, in other words, the rate of interest—until the wasteful process has gone on long enough to make a sensible difference in the total amount of capital available for the use of mankind. These principles, confirmed as they are by facts, seem to afford the means of giving a tolerably correct answer to the inquiries which are somewhat anxiously made as to the probable consequences of the civil war in America upon the general course of monetary affairs in this country and elsewhere.

Mischief it cannot but do. Commerce may be diverted from its accustomed channels even where it is not destroyed, and every abrupt change of this kind is certain to damage those who suffer, far more than it can benefit those who

gain by the sudden shifting of the stream. It is impossible to measure the consequences which would flow from any considerable loss of productive power in the cotton plantations of the Southern States, but it may be hoped that the opening up of new markets will almost keep pace with the reduction of the American supply. A universal negro insurrection would indeed baffle all calculations; but as yet there are no serious signs of a calamity which would be felt almost more severely by us than by the hot-headed planters whose recklessness has caused the danger. Looking at the struggle simply as a war which, so long as it lasts, will absorb the energies and waste the means of the American States, we may reasonably anticipate some greater or less derangement of particular branches of business, but no material influence on the rate of discount or the price of securities, unless the conflict should, contrary to all expectation, be measured by years instead of weeks or months.

The probable influences of contemporary events are now invariably discounted, to use the City slang, by the speculators of the Exchange, and the utter absence of any sympathetic trembling in the London market is some evidence that those whose business it is to be conversant with such matters do not look for any serious disturbance, at least for some time to come. The course of commercial affairs, since the news of Mr. LINCOLN's proclamation, has been just what it probably would have been if no such event had happened. A little more hesitation and caution is the only symptom that connects itself with this cause. The very slight tendency to increased rates which has been observed is not at all greater than might have been predicted as the necessary recoil after the relaxation in the restrictive efforts of the Bank of England; and indeed it has scarcely been perceptible. Even in New York the same absence of excessive demand is observable. The banks have more than an ample supply of bullion, and there has perhaps never been a time when money could be had in New York on easier terms than since the city became the centre of a frantic military agitation.

So far as gold is concerned, the first effect of the war may be to increase rather than to diminish the influx into this country. Already it is reported that a large amount of Californian gold has been consigned to London direct, as a safer market than New York; and the falling-off in the export and carrying trade of the United States will further diminish the tendency of bullion to find its way to that side of the Atlantic. These considerations may justify us in looking without alarm to the immediate influences of the war which has commenced; but the ultimate injury, not to America alone, but to England, and every other commercial State, is as certain as the instant evils are likely to be insignificant. As producers and consumers, the United States play an equally important part, and it is impossible seriously to put out of gear a single wheel of the complicated machine by which the commerce of the world is carried on without sooner or later propagating a disturbance through every other part. We may be sure that unless the enlightened republicans of the New World can shake off their fit of madness before it has become a chronic malady, all Europe, and England especially, will feel the consequences. The shock may not be fully felt here for months, or even years, but waste and destruction mean scarcity and loss, however late the retribution may be deferred. Unfortunately, the evil is not confined to those who produce it, and though England is probably safe enough for this year, and may even gain some special advantages by her position as a neutral, still, her commerce must, sooner or later, suffer from a feud which will cripple at once her best customers and the producers on whom she is most dependent. The case may even become worse than this if a servile war should be proclaimed; but it is too early yet even to guess at the probabilities of such events, and for the present the wisest course seems to be to console ourselves with the reflection that there is nothing to warrant the apprehension of immediate commercial injury, and that the struggle may possibly terminate before it has produced any appreciable effect, except upon the interests of the combatants themselves.

THE DUKE OF AUMALE'S LETTER.

GIVEN a despotism, and it must be despotic—the fact justifies the means. A rose-water revolution and a tempered tyranny are contradictions in terms. Such is, after all, the best apology for the prosecution of the obscure bookseller and printer against whom a sentence of unexampled

severity has just been recorded in the Court of Correctional Police at Paris. It is quite possible that there is nobody more aware of the inconvenience of this severe discipline than the EMPEROR himself. It is possible that the recent gleam of liberty was not meant to be delusive; and it is very likely that a bit of theatrical clap-trap is in reserve, and that, on a second conviction on appeal, the magnanimous EMPEROR will appear in the closing scene of the pantomime, to remit the imprisonment of MM. DUMINERAY and BEAU, when the curtain will fall amidst a storm of pardon, benedictions, and gratitude. But a substantial result will have been achieved—the AUMALE Letter will have done its work. Another valuable chapter in the annals of despotism will have been written—another proof of the real character of the paternal institution will have been given. It is something for France to know that there cannot be any playing at representative government. All this evil and complication has come of liberty of speech in the Chambers. Had it not been for the relaxation—it matters not whether in good faith or in bad—of the iron gag, Prince NAPOLEON had not spoken the speech which was perhaps prepared for him, and the Duke of AUMALE had not been allowed the happy opportunity of writing that famous pamphlet of which the political and polemical force is but equal to its high literary merits. Even though we admit that the coarse Napoleonic invective has had its precedent in history—though we remember the usual literary license for the partisans of one dynasty to blacken another, and though such philippes have a recognised niche in the annals of the past—we do not recall an instance like the present in which the coming TACITUS has been anticipated. The Duke of AUMALE had the rare fortune to use the branding-iron on living flesh; and the shrieks of the culprit, whom punishment has arrested in the very hour of his insolence, attest both the justice of the sentence and the power of the executioner. After all, the difference is only between a public execution and a process against the dead. It is but the judgment of posterity which is anticipated.

But this is precisely what a living tyranny cannot endure. It will not do to rehearse in public the judicial solemnities of a coming age, in which the names of "the NAPOLEONS" will assuredly not be written with that pencil of light of which the late MR. THOMAS MOORE spoke. A necessity is laid upon the EMPEROR, and he only fulfils the inevitable exigencies of Imperialism when he hands over the publisher to a twelvemonth's meditation on the pleasures of literature, and extorts a few hundred pounds from the Orleans family. We commiserate the victim of an inexorable policy, and very likely the EMPEROR does the same. But here we part company. The event itself is a most valuable one. The Duke of AUMALE has conferred a substantial benefit on his country, and indeed on humanity. He has not only shown himself to be a consummate master of style, and sped a cruel shaft into the flanks of the enemy, but he has added a fact to those accumulated inferences of history from which we deduce its inevitable moral laws. Every event like this makes a future despotism less probable, and tends to curtail the annals of the present. One process against the press happily makes another unavoidable; and, sooner or later, this sort of thing must come to an end. And there can be but one end to it all. The proceedings in the Correctional Police Court may be carried by appeal to a higher tribunal; and then we must hear the whole matter over again. And the Duke of AUMALE is even a more important victim than the Count MONTALEMENT. The good and gracious EMPEROR, unfortunately for himself, cannot afford to be good and gracious for ever. The soil wearis of the same crop. It is the curse of his position that he must debar himself from cultivating, however agreeable to his own tastes, a certain range of personal virtues; and, on the other hand, he must be mean, vindictive, and oppressive, and all for nothing. The scandal which has been created by this case is a very unlucky expenditure and waste of political capital on the EMPEROR's part. If a personal enemy could have been made to suffer—if an ORLEANS prince in person could have been bundled off to Vincennes, or even to Cayenne—the speech of M. DUFAURE might have been a price not altogether out of proportion with the solid and substantial gain of something like a tyrannical act. But here there is all the invidiousness of persecution, and none of the profit. Either this kind of thing must be abandoned, or we must go back to the old, simple, intelligible régime. Six or eight centuries ago, tyrants in possession did not deal in these half-and-half measures. They got

hold of the persons of their dynastic rivals. They locked them up in iron cages, or in *oubliettes*, or put their eyes out, or hired Sir PIERS EXTON, or some other gentleman of that ready and practical turn. This mode of proceeding is now happily impossible. As we cannot carry out the consistent Oriental and Mediæval forms of despotism. To be sure, there is one department of tyranny in which we improve upon our ancestors. There is a more than antique perfection in the system of spies and detectives. It seems that the ORLEANS family at Claremont and Twickenham are surrounded with a dense but invisible guard of spies and informers. Queen AMELIE's secretary was dogged from London to Paris by the mysterious familiars of the paternal tyranny; and his portmanteau and pockets were emptied as soon as he set foot in France. After all, however, it is very poor work; and the game, when won, as in this case, is not worth these very expensive candles. The printer and publisher are in prison, and the fines are paid. But what next? and next? The *Letter on French History* addressed to the Prince NAPOLEON is written, and, above all, is read in every town of France; and M. DUFAURE has spoken, and has had the happy chance of quoting the present EMPEROR against himself. And—what is still more profitable to the cause of liberty—we have had one more contrast between the prisoner of Ham and the present master of Compiègne; and we have had some profitable reminiscences of a former generation. The languid memory of France has been prompted on the subjects of the conscription and the decimation of the First Empire; and the fragrant name of CANTILLON has been revived, together with all the memories which with so much dignity surround the sick and the dying hours of the martyr of St. Helena.

The fact that the trial was substantially with closed doors can only be regarded as part of the homage which political vice pays to political virtue—it is the testimony extorted from despotism in spite of itself. And further, it is a gain which can only be thoroughly appreciated across the Channel, that the tongue-valiant orator, the single-speech PRINCE, has been found to be possessed of the virtue of discretion, even in a superior degree to that of personal valour. AUGUSTUS CESAR could afford to decline a single combat; and Prince NAPOLEON has not found it possible to arrange a duel with a personal and ancestral foe. France has been encouraged to laugh; and when politics are played by quick wits and nimble tongues, the inconveniences of suggesting an epigram are apt to be serious. And Frenchmen have been set not only to laugh, but to think. It is only in the dull, quiet intervals after an Italian war that these things perhaps are possible, but even France cannot always be campaigning. There must be dull pages in the most brilliant chapters of history; and dulness is fatal to tyrants. There is no choice between a perpetuity of Magentas and Solferinos and a constantly recurring series of press prosecutions. The world will think, and thought will run to pen and press; and then, if the public mind is not always occupied with guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbuss, and thunder, it will take to feeding on itself. Then come more pamphlets from Orleans House or from the Faubourg St. Germain—more subtle disquisitions on the character of TIBERIUS—more *Esquisses* on curious but significant pages of history—more stupid procureurs who cannot distinguish between hawk and henshaw, between ESAU and JACOB, between H. DE ORLEANS penning an essay on the history of France and an exiled enemy of the EMPEROR writing a bitter pasquinade; and so, though there is an immediate punishment, and one offender is in jail, it does not amount to much. Future immunity for freedom of thought and action is secured by present loss; every triumph of this sort—for triumph it is—gives anticipation of another; and even every mistake on the part of the constitutional party only teaches what to avoid.

CONVERSATION.

THE late Mr. Simeon collected and published for the benefit of his brother clergymen several hundred skeleton sermons. This seemed to him an excellent medium between the poverty of original discourses and the artificial character of borrowed ones. The skeleton was to tell the preacher what he was to think about, and in what order his thoughts were to flow, and he was to add the expression and feeling. Somehow, the plan was not, we believe, very successful. The clergy revolted against having such precise forms laid down for them, and wished for more freedom. It is true that some unintentional similarity of structure pervades their discourses, however it may have been intro-

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duced, as may be gathered from the curious fact that, with very rare exceptions, they so arrange their discourse as to spend the last twenty minutes in repeating, in slightly different language, what they have said in the first ten. Probably the real reason why the skeleton system failed is, that sermons are so easy to make that no one wanted any help. It would be absurd to illustrate by a series of diagrams how a strong boy should run down a gentle grass slope. The sort of assistance contemplated by Mr. Simeon would be much more acceptable if it could be applied to a field where assistance is really needed. If any art could teach us how to talk to strangers, it would indeed be a welcome art. Skeleton conversation, if well contrived, would supply one of the great wants of English people. Of course, when we had got used to our skeleton talks, and found we knew what to say at once to everybody, we should begin to despise the ladder that had lifted us, and think the invention of very little moment. It seems no very great convenience that we can get into a Hansom at the end of almost any of the main streets of London, but thirty years ago people would have envied us very much. And we, who are now without any aids to conversation, can think with very great pleasure on the relief it would be if some competent person would consider at length the great subject of conversation, and would tell us plainly how we ought to proceed. It is only when conversation is difficult that the art would be needed, but then conversation is sometimes as difficult as the Lancers are to a person who has not learned them. Of course, with a sensible, sociable, well-informed, ready person, man or woman, anything on earth does to talk about, from the American civil war down to the pattern of the carpet. But with good, ordinary people whom we have not met before, who will not come out, and whom we yet know we ought to address, how are we to arrange our conversation? The subject is far too wide a one to be dealt with in a short space, but we think that a few hints might at least clear up the ground.

There are persons who can and will talk at once to anybody—who never feel any difficulty, and who immediately engross the conversation wherever they may be. A man will come into a station-room or mount a coach, and in the most natural manner will pour forth a stream of remarks that are quite good enough for mixed company. The Irish are great in this way. An Irishman will talk to any one, from the Queen to a maid-of-all-work, as long as he can keep his eyes open; and most people have in the course of their lives admired and envied the graceful facility with which what we may term the Irish style of conversation is kept up. But then, if we come to examine the talk, we find that it is based on saying everything that comes into the mind, and on revealing the smallest facts of personal history. The difficulty, which Irishmen seldom feel, is to make up one's mind to talk in this way, and not to talk in it if once the resolution is taken. Any one who will talk about the little details of his own expenditure, his family, his plans and fancies, before any company he falls in with, has always plenty to say. Supposing a man looks at his boot and invites all present to regard it also, and then goes on to say when it was soled, and how much he paid, and what he did with the last pair he discarded, he can talk away for ever, nor will he find his audience reluctant. Most people like to hear these details of personal gossip from strangers. Any one who tells a curious anecdote about a grey mare he once had, or about an apple-tree in his father's orchard, or even describes the material of his underclothing, is listened to with a mixture of wonder, interest, and gratitude. The drawback is that he is almost always thought a fool. This does not hurt him, for he has the pleasure of talking, and of being listened to. But those who pass this unfavourable opinion on him are prevented by their own judgment from following his example. The Irish style of conversation cannot be extensively circulated in England, because English people generally despise those who are the greatest adepts in it. This is not altogether a subject of congratulation. Perhaps we should be more sociable if we were not quite so critical. But we cannot alter standing habits of national thought, and, as it seems to us, the very first rule of the art of conversation, the great principle to imbibe at the outset is, that no one must hope to arrive at an Irish facility of talk by any art. The level aimed at must be low. We do not want to be taught to shine in conversation, we only want to avoid the annoyance of mind caused by our not knowing what to say to passing acquaintance.

We do not hold remarks on the weather to be conversation at all. They are useful, and perhaps indispensable, and cannot cost a moment's thought or trouble to any human being. But then they are only preliminary courtesies. They are merely a way of stating that we are willing to converse, or reluctant to omit the opportunity of letting it be known that we do not wish to be discourteous. But then what is to come next? If people are aware that they have special tastes, pursuits, or occupations in common, the difficulty does not arise. Two betting-men, or two fox-hunters, or two farmers or soldiers meeting together, can go straight away to their favourite subject of thought; and people who live in exactly the same section of society can begin to talk of their common acquaintances. Those who do not feel a difficulty cannot care to know how it may be overcome. But where the difficulty is felt—when, for example, we take a lady to dinner whom we know nothing of, or are introduced to a man whom we never expect to see again, and whom we want to be tolerably civil to for a few minutes—what are we to say? It will, we think, be found that a general rule may be laid down

which applies to nine cases out of ten. There are cases to which it does not apply, and it is to meet those cases that the art, if drawn out, would be so elaborate. But it will be enough for the present to state the general rule, and it is this. During the time of the year between the 1st of May and the 31st of July, talk about the Exhibition; and during the rest of the year, talk about travelling. We will take for granted that, if once the conversation is well opened, it will go on from subject to subject. It is the commencement alone that is the difficulty; and it is to the commencement alone that the rule applies.

So many people go to the Exhibition, and so many people like to declare their opinions on it, that it is by no means a bad plan to take care not to go. The conversationalist is thus in a very good position. He can place himself in the comparatively humble light of a listener, can ask endless questions, and seem to be receiving a benefit when he gets the explanations and remarks of his neighbour. This is sure to make things pleasant. But unfortunately the plan may miscarry when its success happens to be most desired. It may happen either that the person addressed has also taken the precaution not to go, or that he or she will not be drawn out. So the safest plan is to go; and really it is not much trouble, as a superficial glance at half-a-dozen of the most noticeable pictures is quite enough for the purpose. All the skill lies in knowing what kind of exhibition talk to offer to the particular person addressed. This must depend on the general impression which this person produces, and on the spirit and readiness with which the first few opening remarks are made or answered. But it may be of some use to point out that persons talking about the Exhibition may be roughly divided into three classes. There are, first, persons who take some sort of interest in art—who know the names of the leading painters, and would care to discuss briefly the merits of the principal specimens. It is very easy to talk to such people, and the simplest way is to ask whether they do not think that one of the pictures generally allowed to be the best is not good. Secondly, there are persons—and the class is a very numerous one—who fix their minds on the portraits, not as works of art, but as representing public or private individuals. Ladies are especially given to this, and there can be no difficulty in going on for a quarter of an hour in conversation of this sort. It is obvious to ask whether the lady thinks Miss So-and-so pretty, whether she thinks her well-dressed, whether she thinks blue generally a becoming colour. Or again, she may be asked whether Lord Clyde is what she expected, and whether he has not a very Scotch cast of countenance. If, again, she seems inclined to be slightly playful, she may be asked whether she supposes Lord Ranleigh is always as fierce as he is painted, or whether he unbends in moments when his uniform is off and no artist is near. Lastly, there are many persons who do not care either for pictures as works of art or for portraits, but who are absorbed in the thought that the rooms are very crowded, and in speculations as to the hour when it is best to go. The disagreeableness of heat, and hot rooms, and hot people, is so fertile a topic, that, when once it is fairly started, it ought to make every thing smooth.

If it is impossible to talk about the Exhibition, then it is best to talk about travelling. Everybody travels; every one is going to travel, or has just come back from abroad, or spent a winter somewhere some time or other. When once the subject is started, the great thing is to talk principally about the inns, for that is what goes home to the heart of the vast majority of English travellers. If the person addressed seems inclined to be sociable, talk about the hardness of the beds and the dirt of the bedrooms. If there is an air of reticence and reserve, talk only about the dinners, about the weariness of a *table d'hôte*, and the great and almost insuperable difficulty of getting anything like sweet wholesome bread. When two people who have both been recently to Switzerland once get fairly to talk about the difference between the Bernerhof and the Schweizerhof on the one hand, and the roadside or mountain inns on the other, there is no reason why the talk should not roll on from sundown to sunrise. It would be a curious reflection for the proprietor of one of the large Swiss hotels, as he sees a hundred English guests dining at his Sunday *table d'hôte*, or walking on the promenade outside, to think that the great and final purpose of all this moving to and fro, and dining and expenditure, is to enable these foreign islanders to have something to say to each other and their friends in six months' time. Among men the art of travel talk is immensely simplified by the great help which a cigar-case affords. The offer of a cigar will pave the way for friendly conversation in almost any company, and the talk will naturally be very much of the same kind as that which is opened by a question about travelling. Where cigars are to be got, where they may be smoked, and what is to be done if there are none, or where smoking is strictly forbidden, and what concessions under the circumstances are to be made without ceasing to smoke them for a moment, are great and grave questions that interest all travelling smokers, and pave the way for unlimited discussion.

If, then, a person who is apt, as Touchstone says, to be "gravelled for lack of matter," does not aspire to anything like Irish ease, and only wants to get on creditably, we think that he may always reckon on doing so, unless in very exceptional cases, by opening on the Exhibition, or travelling, according to the time of year; and that, when ladies are not present, if he likes to make the process still easier, and does not mind the expense, he

may dispel every difficulty at once by offering a cigar. It ought, however, to be observed, that the art cannot be certain to succeed, because there are people who cannot in any way be made to talk—people who resolutely shut themselves up, and say “yes” or “no” till your battery of questions has been fired off. The object with such people is, it should be remembered, to have done one’s duty, and not to have succeeded. When we have done all we can, we may rest on our oars, and enjoy a well-earned silence. It certainly is very pleasant every now and then to be still. There are few more gratifying moments in a humble scale of pleasure than when a man, having addressed himself, as in duty bound, to a regulation young lady—having honestly put to her the proper questions, and having met with a refusal to converse—feels that honour and duty, and respect for the sex and the hostess, being all satisfied, he may now indulge in the luxury of silence, and let his mind wander to the tranquil thoughts suggested by the cooking of the cutlets and the dryness or richness of the wine before him.

AM I NOT A BEAST AND A BROTHER?

THE universal emancipation of mankind is the conception of a petty mind. In the race towards perfection, we have far outrun such antiquated and rudimentary ideas. The time has arrived to cast aside our old and narrow prejudices in favour of the human species. The great achievement of our epoch is to be the emancipation of the brutes. The hour has arrived, and so has the man. Lord Raynham, fresh from linendraping reform, is to be the hero of this new crusade—the Wilberforce of oppressed brutality. He is a practical man, not much given to talk, and therefore we have heard little of his speeches in or out of Parliament. He has gone straight to the point, by introducing a Bill for securing—in part, at least—their due privileges to brutes; and as it appears that a retrograde House of Commons has refused to allow the measure to go any further this year, we hasten to lay a description of it before our readers. As its main object is to secure his dumb but interesting clients against their natural enemies, the human species, it may interest the human public to know what their legal position will be when Lord Raynham shall have attained the success which prejudice can only delay for a time.

The first feature which we ought to recognise about the Bill is its catholicity. All animals are included in it, and are equally sheltered by its provisions. There is no invidious selection. Aristocracy is the misfortune of the human species, but it is not to be so among the brutes. Lord Raynham will not hear of anything but absolute equality. From the Darwinian monad to the Gorilla, all are to be alike before the law. It is specially provided in the Bill that it is not to be confined to quadrupeds, but is to extend to all animals of all kinds, whatever number of feet they may possess. “The word animal shall include any animal, whether a quadruped or not.” From the bull to the rat, from the peacock to the flea, he throws his shield impartially over all. He even goes so far as to define, with more regard for liberality than etymology, that the word “cattle,” as used in the Bill, shall be as wide as the word “animal” in its meaning—a provision which, as we shall see, is fruitful in important consequences. Having thus, in the most liberal spirit, defined his clients, he proceeds to lay down, in simple and nervous language, the great enactments which are to effect the emancipation of the brutes. The first provision is to give them personal security:—

If any person shall in any place fight, or set to fight, any animal, or if any person shall aid or assist in any such act or offence, every such offender shall for every such offence pay a penalty not exceeding ten pounds.

The language is obscure and susceptible of various interpretations; but we assume that, like all penal laws, it will be construed strictly. Hitherto, it has been the practice with persons brought up in obsolete notions upon the subject, to fight any animal that attacked them, from a gnat upwards. But such illegal practices will be no longer tolerated. People must not take the law into their own hands. Henceforth, in case of any such attack, they must abstain from violence and send for the police, who will immediately procure a summons against the offending gnat. They are bound, however, not only not to lay violent hands on an animal, but they must be careful not to hurt its feelings. The fourteenth clause enacts, among other things—

If any person so wantonly or negligently treat any animal as to subject such animal to injury or to suffering, or if any person aid or assist therein, every such person shall forfeit and pay a penalty not exceeding forty shillings.

It is impossible to imagine provisions conceived in a broader or more liberal spirit. Henceforth such horrible instruments of cruelty as flea-powder or insecticide will be prohibited. To tread on a cur’s toes will be highly penal. To scare birds will no longer be the employment of heartless boyhood. The “injury and suffering” which every autumn brings back to partridges and grouse will soon be a matter of history. The fox will have his rights, like any other brute, and, as soon as he gets out of breath, may turn round and fine all the hunting field forty shillings. The worm’s consent must clearly be obtained before he can be made to wriggle upon the hook. As for such atrocious instruments as toothcombs, there is no doubt that they cause “injury and suffering” to a vast number of animals, and we hope that the very name will be forgotten. Coachmen and costermongers, too, must learn that flogging is unsuited to this enlightened age. When their horses or

donkeys decline to go, they must not dream of inflicting “suffering” by means of the whip. They must cultivate the art of reasoning with their emancipated cattle, and induce them to trot by an appeal to their moral sense. Our only fear with respect to this clause is that the respected author does not see all the consequences to which it may lead. It is quite conceivable that, if it were to pass, the human species, which has tyrannized over animals for so long, might ask to be included under the same law as their former victims. Many a lover would like to fine his unreciprocating flame forty shillings for the offence described in the clause of “negligently treating him so as to subject him to suffering”; and the gentlemen to whom Lord Palmerston will not give office might, under this Bill, gratify their revenge at last.

The next thing is to provide the brutes with a Poor-law. If they are to be raised to a perfect equality with mankind, they have clearly a right to Poor Relief. But Lord Raynham, ever erring on the generous side, is inclined to give them something more. He will not expose them to the horrors of Boards of Guardians and the workhouse test. He adopts a totally new principle in Poor-law legislation, and lays upon every person, indiscriminately, the duty of providing for every destitute beast:—

If any person shall wilfully or negligently keep any animal without proper and sufficient food, water, or other necessary provision, or by avoidable negligence cause suffering to any animal, he shall pay a penalty not exceeding twenty pounds.

This wide and generous provision will be remembered by the brutes of after ages as the Magna Charta of their race. Not only is every person forbidden to keep any animal without food, water, or other necessary provision, whatever that may mean, but every one who, by avoidable negligence, causes suffering to any animal is heavily punished. It is clearly avoidable negligence to omit providing a cheese for your mice, or a cream-jug for your neighbour’s cat. If you wilfully or negligently lock up the cream-jug and the cheese, and either of those interesting quadrupeds dies in consequence, you will be liable to a fine of 20*l.* But Lord Raynham has specially provided that the word “animal” is not to be confined to quadrupeds. Beware, therefore, hard-hearted gardener, of depriving blackbirds of their legitimate resource by netting over your fruit. Beware, selfish landowner, of repelling the owl from his favourite repast of pheasant’s eggs. On the wickedness and illegality of mosquito-nets it is needless to enlarge. An interesting question will arise as to the status of fleas and bugs under this clause. It is clear that any person who possesses two rooms—one infested by bugs or fleas, and the other clear of them—and shall wilfully sleep in the one in which those meritorious insects are not, will be “keeping an animal without sufficient and proper food,” and will be, “by avoidable negligence, causing suffering to an animal”—offences punishable, as we have seen, by a fine of twenty pounds. It may occur to a selfish householder, placed in this dilemma, and compelled to choose between his purse and his night’s rest, to evade the difficulty by shaking his sheets out of window, or otherwise expelling from his dwelling his nightly foes. But Lord Raynham has provided with admirable foresight against any such act of barbarism by the fifteenth clause:—

Every person who shall wilfully turn out, or set adrift, or abandon, any animal, or who shall be encouraging, aiding, or assisting therein, shall be deemed to be guilty of ill-treating such animal, and shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings.

The fleas, therefore, may congratulate themselves on being guarded at every point. If their victim should attempt to crack them, he will be liable under the fourteenth clause to a fine of forty shillings for “subjecting them to injury or suffering.” If he attempt to turn them out of his house, he must pay the same penalty for “setting them adrift and abandoning them”; and if he shall have the audacity to sleep in another bed, he must pay no less than twenty pounds, under the twelfth clause, for “keeping them without proper and sufficient food.” He may think himself lucky if they do not sue him under the same clause for turning round in bed, as an act of “negligence causing suffering to an animal.”

Our short recapitulation is far from having exhausted the benefits which our new liberator proposes to confer upon the beasts. Sir George Lewis has noticed that the Bill creates a *Habeas Corpus* for brutes. There is one clause forcing every surveyor of roads, or similar authority all over the country, to provide tanks and troughs on any road by which cattle pass, and to keep them day and night constantly filled with water. There is another forbidding any one to drive any cattle—under which term, as we have seen, every sort of animal is included—in the metropolis, unless he has taken out a license and wears a badge. This provision will decorate with that enviable ornament every gentleman’s coachman, carter, or commercial traveller—an one in fact who holds a pair of reins in his hands. There is another clause providing that no cab-horse shall be employed until the Commissioners of Police have themselves inspected him, and certified that he is a suitable horse for the duty—a function which will form an agreeable relaxation to the Commissioners in their leisure hours. And there is a further provision that every person committing an offence under this Act shall be fined at least ten shillings, and for the third offence imprisoned three months, without any discretion to the sentencing magistrate. Three fleas cracked, and the offence in each case duly proved, will suffice, when Lord Raynham becomes a legislator, irreversibly to consign an impatient Briton for three months to

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jail. Into these enactments we have not left ourselves space to enter more at length. Some talk there has been lately of the valuable exertions of independent members to improve our law, and of the danger of allowing the Government to supersede them altogether. We feel sure that when the public considers those two masterly achievements—Sir Charles Burrell's Bill for preserving maid-servants, and Lord Raynham's Bill for protecting animals—there will be but one opinion, that no sacrifice can be too great for the purpose of maintaining in all their usefulness these invaluable Solons.

THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.

II.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER has delivered three more of his *Lectures on the Science of Language* at the Royal Institution, each Saturday before a distinguished and steadily increasing audience. The following notes will give, we hope, a general idea of the scope and purpose of this course. The subject of the second Lecture was the Growth of Language as opposed to its History. The Lecturer briefly surveyed the views of Locke, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, and others, who considered words as mere signs, the meanings of which had been fixed by mutual agreement—pointing out to his audience the difficulty of mutual agreement among men as yet without language. He also adverted to the opinions of that school which gives language an exclusively Divine origin, and with reference to Gen. ii. 19, he characterized those opinions as more orthodox than the Bible. The Professor then proceeded to answer the objections of those who deny the Science of Language a place among the Physical Sciences, on the ground that language admits of historical development only, whereas nature excludes all that is strictly historical, and admits only of growth. He acknowledged the apparent truth of this objection, and described at length some of the so-called historical changes in language, instancing the English of Alfred, which is as unintelligible now, without previous study, as Latin or French. Even the authorized version of the Bible differs considerably from modern English, nearly one-fifteenth of the words used having become obsolete. These differences, however, the Professor attributed to *growth*, not to *historical change*, as they are entirely independent of the will of man. He ascribed all changes of language to two causes—phonetic corruption and dialectic growth. All so-called grammatical terminations he traced to the former principle, each termination having been originally a distinct word. In Chinese and other monosyllabic languages, which have carefully guarded against phonetic decay, there is no grammar in the usual sense of the word. The Lecturer, as an example of the effect of phonetic corruption, compared the Chinese *eul*, two, *shi*, ten, *eul-shi*, twenty, with the Sanskrit *vinsati*, Greek *eikari*, Latin *viginti*, and French *vingt*, which could only be traced back to their original component parts, two and ten, by long and careful research.

The Professor then proceeded to explain the second principle, Dialectic Growth or Regeneration, insisting strongly on the great influence exercised by the dialects, or what we should now call the vulgar idioms, of each language. It is, he said, by mere chance that in various countries one idiom has acquired supremacy over all the others, by being chosen as the written and literary language. Thus, in Rome, had the language of the Plebeians, instead of that of the Patricians, gained the upper-hand, Latin would have been totally different from what it now is; and Italian really sprang from the local dialects of Italy, not from the patrician Latin. It is in countries where there is no literature that the great wealth of language and the immense influence of dialectic growth can be best traced. This was illustrated by instances from the tribes of North America, of Africa, Siam, and parts of Siberia, where sometimes in one generation the language had been completely changed by the working of this principle. The Lecturer mentioned a Dictionary of Words in a Dialect of Central America, collected by some French missionaries, which, according to a letter published by M. Jomard, had in ten years only become quite useless. On the other hand, he instanced Icelandic, which, remote from all dialectic influence, has remained almost the same as when first transplanted from its Norwegian fatherland; whereas on the Continent of Europe, surrounded by dialects, the parent tongue had in the same space of time produced two distinct languages, Danish and Swedish. The Lecturer mentioned that in our own language there are, besides the local idioms, many class dialects; and he concluded by reading some curious examples from the *Book of St. Albans*, attributed to Dame Juliana Berners.

In his third Lecture, Professor Max Müller entered on the first or empirical stage in the history of his science. All physical sciences, as he explained in his first lecture, pass through three stages—the empirical, the classificatory, and the theoretical—marking their childhood, youth, and manhood. All take their origin in the pressing and homely wants of half-civilized nations. Grammar, which is the product of the empirical stage in the science of language, took its rise in India and Greece. The Hindus are the only nation not indebted to the Greeks for their grammatical rules and terminology. It was long ere the Greeks felt the practical need of grammar, for, as they looked upon all other nations as barbarous, it was not till late in their history that we hear of their attempting to acquire any foreign language. The first real grammarians, the Professor stated, were the Greeks

of Alexandria, who were led to a critical study of their own language whilst editing the text of the ancient Homeric poems. Their editions were not mere *ekdôses*, but *diopseus*, or critical editions. But though much progress was made at Alexandria and Pergamus in analysing language and naming the essential parts of speech, the really practical study of grammar did not begin until the scholars of the East settled at Rome to teach their language, the fashionable Greek. After the Punic wars, Greek language and literature formed the principal ingredients in the education of a Roman gentleman; and when Roman boys were taught to speak Greek before they could speak Latin, it was natural that the profession of teacher of languages should have flourished, and that practical grammar should have made rapid progress. The first practical grammar of Greek was written at Rome, by Dionysius Thrax, the pupil of Aristarchus of Alexandria, and the first lectures on grammatical science were delivered at Rome by Crates, the ambassador of King Attalus of Pergamus. These lectures excited so general an interest, not only among the scholars and philosophers, but among the leading statesmen of Rome, that grammatical studies continued ever after one of the most favourite occupations of such men as Varro, Lucilius, Cicero, and even Julius Caesar. The grammatical terminology, which first arose in the schools of philosophy at Athens, which was perfected by the scholars of Alexandria, and transplanted to Rome by the Professors of Greek, was then translated literally, but by no means faithfully, into the language of Rome, a few new terms being added—such as, for instance, *ablatus*, which, the Professor remarked, was coined, or at least used for the first time, by Caesar in his work on grammar. This terminology, and this first grammatical analysis of language, was then traced by the Lecturer from Rome to Constantinople, from Constantinople to Western Europe, to Priscianus, and the schoolmen of the Middle Ages, and it was shown that our own grammars were mainly based on the same system which was first employed by Dionysius Thrax for his Roman pupils.

The fourth Lecture was devoted to the second or Classificatory Stage in the Science of Language. The Lecturer showed that the empirical grammar of the first stage merely taught us rules, such as to use *Rex* for the nominative, *Regem* for the accusative, *I love* for the present tense, *I loved* for the past; but it could not tell us why the simple addition of the letter *d* should produce the momentous change from love to no love, or why *rex* should mean one king, *reges* many kings. These were the questions which the science of language had to answer. But instead of indulging in theories, instead of treating grammatical terminations either as artificial contrivances or natural excrencences, the Professor pointed out that we ought first to collect all the facts of language. Instead of wasting our conjectures on the probable origin of words or grammatical forms in modern English, we ought first of all to trace all modern forms back to their more original forms in Anglo-Saxon, and to other cognate dialects, such as Continental Saxon and Gothic. Before this can be done, however, it is necessary to determine which are cognate languages and which are not; and in thus endeavouring to restore the genealogical tree of all the families of human speech, the way is opened to the second or Classificatory Stage of the Science of Language.

The Professor, after briefly referring to the views entertained by the Greeks and Romans on the division of languages, explained that the first advance towards classification was made by the theologians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who established the Semitic family, the Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldee, and Syriac, as an independent family of speech. They took it for granted, however, at the same time, that all languages were derived from Hebrew; and this idea retarded for a long time a truly scientific classification of the numerous dialects of the world. The first who removed this misapprehension, which is as much opposed to the express statements of the Bible as to the facts of the history of language, was Leibniz, the contemporary and rival of Newton. He was the first to apply the principles of inductive reasoning to the languages of mankind, and he gave an impulse to ethnological studies which produced the most happy results. The great works of Hervas, the *Catalogue of Languages*, and the *Mithridates* of Adelun, though published nearly a hundred years after Leibniz, were clearly traced back to the influence of his genius. The great *Comparative Dictionary* compiled by the Empress Catherine of Russia was but a realization of a plan suggested by Leibniz to Peter the Great. The Professor read extracts from letters of Leibniz to Peter, and from the Empress Catherine, and he mentioned that Washington assisted her in collecting the dialects of American tribes. After pointing out the defective principles of classification on which all these works were based, the lecturer proceeded to show how the discovery of Sanskrit, and its affinity with Greek and Latin, led to the discovery of the true principle of classifying languages genealogically, or according to grammatical affinity. The objections of Dugald Stewart, who denied the authenticity and antiquity of Sanskrit, were examined, and contrasted with the more sober conclusions which Lord Monboddo drew from the coincidences between Sanskrit and Greek, as pointed out to him by Mr. Wilkins; and the first conception of a family of languages, embracing Sanskrit, Persian, Greek, Latin and German, and based on true natural affinity, was claimed for the German poet, Frederick Schlegel, who had learned Sanskrit during his stay in England at the time of the Peace of Amiens, and who published, in 1808, his work *On the Language and Wisdom of the Indians*.

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HOW MODERN HISTORY IS MADE.

HISTORY is likely to die of plethora. She will be choked by the abundance of her food. The press, the telegraph, and the railway, which—to believe the orators at the Literary Fund dinners, and the like glorifications of ourselves—are to reduce history to a mathematical certainty, may, by a strange paradox, be considered the worst enemies of historical truth. The very diffusion of information seems likely to be fatal to rigorous accuracy; and, as we know that the more a domestic event is talked about the more various and inconsistent is the colouring it receives, so the more we are told about the larger facts, even of our own time, the less likely we are to get at the truth. It may be necessary in history, as in art, to be content with broader effects; and there is a danger in the photographic and pre-Raphaelite school of historians. If we want to know about the Peloponnesian war, it is embarrassing to be delayed with a minute description of Cleon's wardrobe, or a picturesque meteorological register of the state of the weather and the colour of the clouds on the morning of the landing in Sicily. When a dramatist like Kotzebue is very prolix in his *mise en scène*, we distrust his skill in drawing a character or in analysing a passion. Another disadvantage incidental to the minute school of historians and to the personal sketcher, is this—that, as he cannot see everything in a great historical period, what he does see, and what he does describe, is rendered in distorted and exaggerated proportions. Again, as in a photograph, if we get the hands and prominent accessories out of all scale with the whole portrait, the details of history, and the small incidents which can alone come under any personal observation, are out of all proportion to their relative value and weight.

These, however, are after all perhaps only artistic inconveniences which assemble round the ready and easy pencil of contemporaneous sketchers; but the moral consequences of modern history in modern hands are still more serious. To be impartial when residing and writing among bitter partisans and the actors in history is simply impossible. Either the local historian unconsciously absorbs the colour of the men and things in the midst of which he is placed, or, provoked at this natural tendency to infect him with the influence of surrounding circumstances, the annalist does violence to himself, and sets himself unfairly against the side or party into which he is thrown. In either case, a just and impartial judgment is impossible; and it may be that a certain remoteness is necessary to historic truth, and that distance, if it mellows the enchantment, contributes to the truth of history. So that, to come round to our first point, it really does seem that the more we are told the less we know. Especially is this the case when the fatal example of a great master of the picturesque style is corrupting all historians. It seems almost possible that the wheel of time should run backward, and that history should reassume its legendary aspect. Lord Macaulay wrote his *Lays of Rome* in his youth, and ended by bringing the history of the seventeenth century back to the forms of hero-worship; and the battle of Sedgemoor hardly differs in its picturesque aspect from the raid of Porsena. We see the consequences when a considerable, if second-rate, master of the picturesque and romantic school thinks it right to give us that awful page of contemporaneous history now acting on the Chesapeake shore, or in the city of New York, in a style ostentatiously modelled on the precedent of Macaulay's ballad on the News of the Armada. We do not intend to disparage or to deny the facility or power exhibited by some special correspondents of the daily press. We owe, for example, great thanks to Mr. W. Russell, for his Indian letters; but there were not two sides to that question. We have, in years gone by, expressed our opinion of the mischief which his communications from the Crimea did to the national interests and reputation; and we have never seen occasion to alter our judgment as to the positive evils inflicted on the character of this country by those crude and premature and exaggerated opinions, hastily formed, and painted up to the scene-painter's coarse, dashing, lively ideal. But, now that we are receiving a very inferior writer's dashing letters from New York, we must repeat our caution against their being accepted for anything more than mere literary exercises. As a contribution to history, where such writing is happily not mischievous, it is only useless. The American disruption cannot be described even by the most unimpassioned or austere sojourner in Broadway. The *Times*' New York Correspondent is a strong partisan of the North, and on the mere issue of Slavery and No-Slavery we, too, are strong partisans. But the issue between President Davis and President Lincoln is not this very narrow one. The dismemberment of the Union is only the last act of a drama which has been on the public stage for the last fifty years; and though the Slavery question is on the outside of the dispute, yet matters of race, climate, ancestral prejudices, complicated interests, geographical position, and future policy are at the core of the disunion. The Southern seaboard, the course of the Ohio and of the Mississippi, the existence of the Gulf of Mexico and of certain impracticable parallels of latitude, have settled the policy of the North and South, not the election of Mr. Abraham Lincoln. And, in the face of all this, it is not very profitable to be dawdled through three columns of fine writing about the enthusiasm of the Northern citizens, and to be told four times about the throbbing of the great heart of the people, and how eighty-six years ago the 19th of April "broke in the warm morning of a prematurely summerish day," and how this "Sunday morning opened as beautiful,

soft, and balmy an April day as the sun ever shone upon, while the good citizens were on their way to church." What do we learn from all this? Undoubtedly, this is a close imitation of a very familiar page in a very popular historian; but what rubbish it is! Who can tell whether at Lexington, in Massachusetts, that identical 19th of April was a prematurely summerish day? How does "Our Own Correspondent" know anything about the temperature eighty-six years ago, or what does it matter whether it was "prematurely summerish," or postmaturely winterish? At any rate, it is only from a master's hand that this minute stippling can be endured. It is only in Carlyle that we can tolerate the knobs of Cromwell's warty nose, or the snuffy waistcoat of Old Fritz. And again, we might ask what but positive misrepresentation can come of the picturesque *tableau* of "the fervour which animates the North," except to show that the writer had remembered how Macaulay tried to paint the national arming of England when the signal was given that the Armada was approaching, and that, as it occurred to him that Macedon and Monmouth both began with M, and that the arming of England against the Spaniards, and the arming of New York against Jefferson Davis might be done into a parallel, so here was a chance not to be lost of outpainting Macaulay in Macaulay's own colours. It so happens that recently, in Mr. Motley's admirable volumes, we have seen what the facts about this national arming of England in the days of the Armada really amounted to; and we now know that Macaulay's is a very pretty ballad, with only this drawback—that the political England of that hour, which is so nobly paraded by the poet, was, in fact, disjointed, unprepared, uninformed, and with treason at its very core. So much for the precedent of picturesque history. As to the value of the picture, we have only this to say—that we altogether distrust its truth. The writer at New York is quite taken aback with "the blossoming out of thousands of star-spangled banners," and the way in which, "to every invocation to war, a quick response jumped from the popular heart." Supposing this to be literally true—supposition which is absurd—what is the use of it, except to mislead, till we know the further and inner opinions of the New York population, in which the elements of rowdyism, corruption, German and Irish immigrants, and Yankee capitalists, far outnumber the infinitesimally insignificant elements of public virtue and patriotism. With what we know, by the history of the last fifty years, of the moral and political disorganization of New York, and the utter political prodigacy of all, or nearly all, of its public men and its municipality, it is only a waste of time to be asked to read this pretty prattle about the national heart.

In the matter of the popular and historical view of England at the Armada crisis, we have contrasted Macaulay with Motley. Another illustration is within nearer grasp. A few years ago, "in the early days of winter," as professors in the romantic school of history would say, we were all electrified with the picturesque description of the charge of the Light Cavalry at Balaklava. Much of the interest of the event centred in our perfect acquaintance with the vivid and picturesque details. The incident was done into verse, and by one of the master spirits of the age, and it included these lines:—

... up came an order which
Some one had blundered;
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Take the guns," Nolan said:
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
No man was then dismayed,
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered.

In the Laureate's collected works these lines are omitted—not only because they are prosaic, but because they are probably untrue, or only represent one side of a truth, because the great deed is better told without them, and because true history ought to decline these little details. In other words, this false picturesque is a varnish that soon cracks; and what is meant to be everlasting is glad to dispense with this glittering frost-work in which the historic muse now-a-days dazzles us. We say all this, not because we do not admire the easy volubility and free hand of the gentleman who enlivens our breakfast with his pleasant rattle dashed off while "he has but a few minutes left before the mail closes," for his pretty derangement of malaprops or metaphors only makes the reading pleasanter; but we do warn the historian of the future against even taking this flux of words for more than it is worth. It is the lively rattle of a very clever writer, with strong views, placed in circumstances where it is absolutely impossible to get at, and therefore to give, the whole truth, and where even such truth as he delivers is altogether disproportionate to the much greater tragedy of a very small part of which it is so insignificant and evanescent a reflexion. Even if the lively fly really does tell us precisely what is open to his sharp prying optical apparatus, what's the use to the whole world of knowing what can be seen in the circumference of a single inch?

One of the best literary critics of antiquity, and the man who most nearly anticipated the modern spirit, wrote on this very subject. Lucian's essay *On the Right Mode of Writing History* ought to be translated for the special benefit of "Special Correspondents." Lucian lived in days when there was, as he says, "a good deal of excitement" about a particular war, when everybody was writing history, and when "a crop of Thucydideses,

Herodotuses, and Xenophons was springing up." Then there were "ready writers who thought it the easiest thing in the world to write history, so long as they only jotted down what came into their minds," to whom the great satirist and critic gives weighty advice, *e. g.*, that "what is written in a hurry must be withdrawn at leisure," that "it is as much the duty of an historical writer to know what not to tell as what to describe"—"what is the proportion and value of an event"—"what things are to be dwelt upon" and "what to be avoided." The historian must, according to Lucian, "close his ears to popular and temporary rumours," must "remember that history has one province and poetry another," that "attractiveness in style is not to be the first object in writing history," nor is "popular applause the measure of historical value." Among other and lesser cautions, Lucian advises his model writer to be very sparing in his allusions to natural scenery; and he severely criticises a writer of his own day who spent several pages on the description of a shield. He concludes with the famous story of the architect who cut his own name on the everlasting walls of the Pharos he was building, coating it over with a slight plaster inscription recording the reigning king, knowing that the tempests would soon wash out the temporary record. "In like manner" he adds, "ought history to be written, with a single eye to futurity, neither with prejudice nor flattery nor partiality to the present age, with a regard not to what is pleasant or what may attract praise and popular applause, but with an eye only to the perpetuity of that tower of truth which is above the waves of time."

BARON DE SCHLEINITZ'S APOLOGY.

LORD PALMERSTON'S vigorous epithets have powerfully stirred the susceptibilities of Berlin. The Prussian Chambers have taken up the Macdonald question, partly in anger, but much more in puzzlement. They are indignant that such language should have been used of them and their institutions; but they are still more perplexed at the phenomenon of so much national excitement about such a trifle. To have a diplomatic correspondence, a Parliamentary debate, and a philippic from a veteran Prime Minister because a wandering Englishman has passed six days in prison, is, to the eyes of a Prussian citizen, a startling instance of much ado about nothing. It is what they themselves are exposed to every day of the week, and it never disturbs their slumbers. Why should an Englishman raise such an appalling tumult about these untoward, but inevitable, outbreaks of official zeal? Something of this perplexity seems to have haunted M. de Schleinitz as he was penning his recent despatch to Count Bernstoff. He is very desirous to be as polite as possible, but he cannot make out what the excitement is all about. He treats the case much in the tone that an English police-magistrate would dismiss the complaint of a nervous old lady that a "bus-ed" had been uncivil. It is obvious that a very different estimate of the rights of citizens and the privileges of officials prevails in England and in Prussia. M. de Schleinitz views the events of the world from the stand-point of the impeccability of officials, and instinctively looks upon Captain Macdonald's conduct as little less than sacrilege. We, who believe that officials are human, and have not been all born good, are naturally a good deal excited when we have to witness the practical results of the opposite theory exemplified on our own countryman.

The points on which M. de Schleinitz lays hold are not the points on which any real difference arises. No sensible Englishman complains because Captain Macdonald had to pay the fine to which the court of law condemned him. It is the administrative and not the legal part of the proceedings that has moved the wrath of Englishmen. We complain that there are two officials who have behaved with gross and wanton brutality to Englishmen, and that they have remained practically unpunished by the friendly Government of Prussia. If Hoffmann, the station-master, chose to have Captain Macdonald arrested, his detention appears, according to Prussian law, to have been legal; and if he chose to swear against him charges which turn out to have been unfounded, we cannot complain that the judge who believed those charges gave his decision against our countryman. Given a law such as that of Prussia and an official such as Hoffmann, the result seems to have been inevitable. It might have happened equally under the most friendly as under the most hostile Government, and no diplomatic considerations could have, or ought to have, affected the issue. But then, if such tremendous powers are placed by law in the hands of mere station-masters, he is bound to use them with discretion, and his superiors are bound to punish him if he does not. The independent German witnesses have established that Hoffmann maltreated Captain Macdonald outrageously and quite gratuitously, threw him into prison on an accusation proved to be false, and strained to the very last fibre the Prussian law's elastic capabilities of tyranny in order to cause him as much suffering as should satiate his own resentment. M. de Schleinitz and M. Simon know this perfectly; for the evidence of their own countrymen lies before them. But not the faintest step has been taken towards removing Hoffmann from an office in which he disgraces the Prussian Government so deeply, or even to subject him to any punishment which should curb for the future his hatred of the English. Such a passive acquiescence makes the Prussian Government partners of his guilt, and justly exposes them to the suspicion of sharing his animosity and secretly sanctioning his brutalities.

The case is still worse with regard to M. Möller. He is the direct representative of the Government. They are as much responsible for his acts as they are for those of their ambassador, and he had no motives of personal resentment to plead. M. Hoffmann imagined, though the idea turned out to be the creation of his own brain, that both Captain Macdonald's fists had violated the sanctity of his uniform. Under this fancied wrong he adopted and pledged himself to very indefensible conduct. But M. Möller was never exposed to the terrifying spectacle of an Englishman in a boxing frame of mind. Whatever he did was done advisedly. To refuse bail to an unhappy traveller, lying in a filthy prison, charged at most with a slight assault, on the ground that it was necessary to make an example of an Englishman, was a specimen of animosity against the people of a friendly nation which his superiors could not condone without adopting. But they made themselves accomplices in M. Möller's anti-British feelings in a far more direct manner. His well-known speech about the *Lummelei* of Englishmen is not in reality so important to us as the violence to Captain Macdonald. In the one case, the character of the assailant tells; in the other it does not. Our reputation is not likely to suffer at M. Möller's hands, however strong the language in which he pleases to indulge. But no one can take refuge in contempt against the species of hostility resorted to by M. Hoffmann. You may satisfy yourself and the world in general that your assailant is disfigured by all the pedantic and unreasoning tyranny which is expressed in Prussia by the word official. But that consciousness will not alleviate the sensations of forced tumble on the platform, of a compulsory fast of four-and-twenty hours, or of a week's residence in a prison denominated clean after the standard of Cologne. On the whole, therefore, most English travellers would prefer that M. Möller should freely express his views upon the English character, rather than that M. Hoffmann should administer summary justice to them upon the platform. But still the speech in Court serves as an index to the disposition of the Prussian Government. If they had honestly disavowed it, we might have believed Baron Schleinitz's friendly expressions to express the true feelings of his Cabinet. But they took the course precisely the best calculated to satisfy England of their sincere ill-will. They apologized for the insult with one hand, and endorsed it with the other. They would not outstep the utmost limits of technical courtesy by declining to give their officer a formal reprimand, but, before they did so, they took care to steel his nerves against the infliction by a much more emphatic mark of approval. By instituting a Government prosecution against the gentlemen of Bonn who protested against Möller's insult, the Government made Möller's cause their own as distinctly as it was possible for them to do. It is vain, therefore, for the Prussian Minister to talk of the lenity of the judge, or of the impossibility of biasing legal proceedings for a diplomatic end. What was perfectly in his power was to stop proceedings taken in the name of the Prussian Crown, and effectively to mark his reprobation of officers whose acts and language disgraced the commission that they bore.

It is a great mistake, however, to treat of this affair as if it affected higher questions of diplomacy. As long as Prussian police remains what it is, Englishmen who have travelled in Prussia will not speak respectfully of Prussian institutions. And, of course, a number of these small grievances accumulate till they have set up a considerable irritation. Until the official world of Prussia is much reformed, the more the facilities of travelling bring the two nations into contact the less good-will is likely to be generated. But these feelings are not calculated to influence to any perceptible extent the policy of the Government. If national hatreds could make war, we should have been at war with France and America many times during the last forty years. Sentiments of friendship and aversion govern our language, but they penetrate a very short way into our councils. England had a sympathy for Savoy, possibly for Poland; but she would not fight for either. She certainly had no great sympathy for Turkey, on whose behalf she poured out blood and treasure without stint. When the trustees of the nation come to the practical decision of the question whether they shall inflict on it the calamity of war to gratify a feeling of compassion or affection, they feel like a private trustee, who is asked to do something munificent with his trust-money. It is no hardness of heart, but a feeling of high honour, that leads English statesmen to think only of English interests in the exercise of the power which has been given to them for that end. It is not likely, therefore, that this affair, or twenty affairs such as this, will alter our policy towards Prussia in the event of threatened European war. But the affair will leave its mark nevertheless. We do not believe that the moral power of English opinion derives in this case any additional weight from the physical force that England can bring to bear. Still, the universal reprobation of Englishmen will, after a time, be felt even in Prussia, and will have no little influence in persuading her to aspire to institutions in some degree on a level with those of her more civilized neighbours.

WHY THE WARRIOR IS NOT READY.

A PARLIAMENTARY Paper of thirty-nine pages contains the correspondence which passed between the Admiralty and the contractors for the *Warrior* in reference to the non-fulfilment of their contract within the stipulated time. Probably the cost of the document before us bears about the same

proportion to its utility as may be observed in other cases where public money is expended under the direction of the Admiralty. We learn a few interesting facts at the price of wading through a considerable mass of verbiage. But, of course, the Admiralty is not responsible for printing all these letters, nor can it be reasonably called upon to find readers for them. It will rest with Sir Frederick Smith, who moved for the return, to obtain, if he can, the attention of the House of Commons to the conclusions, if any, which may be drawn from it. For our own part, we learned some time ago not to rely implicitly on the promise of a tradesman, even of the highest character, to let us have a coat or a pair of boots, without fail, on an early day. Most men make it their practice to order new garments before the old are quite worn out; and if the Admiralty wanted to have an iron-plated ship at sea last summer, they should have made up their minds, as they well might, to accept this new necessity more than a year beforehand.

The tender for the *Warrior* was sent in on the 7th of May, 1859, and the contractors undertook to launch the ship on the 11th of April, 1860, and to complete her in July following. When the novelty and difficulty of the experiment are taken into consideration, it appears wonderful that either the Admiralty or the contractors should have believed that it could be satisfactorily completed within a year. It must be remembered that after the acceptance of the tender all the arrangements had to be made in the building-yard for a work very different in nature and extent from any that had been done before. We have heard for the last six months of the preparations for a similar undertaking in Chatham Dockyard, and we shall be very much surprised if Government proves itself able to work as fast as private ship-builders, even with the advantage which it enjoys of freedom from the obligation of working so as to secure a profit on its outlay. But if the country should hereafter have to complain of delay in the completion of the *Achilles*, we do not doubt that a Parliamentary paper containing a copious correspondence between the Surveyor of the Navy and the officials of Chatham Dockyard will, in some future session, be accessible to the curious at the cost of a few pence. Whatever be the difficulties of our authorities, civil, military, or naval, the writing and copying of letters goes on with imperturbable regularity. The Admiralty ever keeps in mind the great example of Lord Nelson, who, on a memorable occasion, declined the use of an unceremonious wafer, and called for sealing-wax. The cherished official style has, indeed, suffered great curtailment in adapting itself for transmission by the telegraph; but on the other hand, the dignity of the Board asserts itself in an impressive manner by using the telegraph for communications which might be sent just as well by post.

As an example of the manner in which the Admiralty superintends contractors, let us begin with a letter of Sir Baldwin Walker to the Thames Iron Shipbuilding Company, dated May 28, 1860. By that letter the attention of the Company is called to the terms of the contract for building the *Warrior*, and they are requested to state when they propose to launch that ship. The Company answer, by letter dated June 1, that they have carefully considered the question, and they believe that by continuing to work night and day, "the *Warrior* cannot be launched before the end of September next." From that moment, if not at a much earlier date, all hope became extinct of sending the *Warrior* on a trial trip last year. However, if nothing could be done, official usage certainly prescribed that something should be written. Accordingly, the Company's letter is, by the Controller, "submitted for the information of their Lordships, observing that it is of great importance that one of these experimental vessels should be completed at as early a date as possible." To do the Controller justice, he had discovered this by no means abstruse truth, some months before the newspapers in the vacation began to employ their leisure in giving him advice. We feel reluctant to offer any suggestion which another Parliamentary paper may hereafter prove to have been unnecessary, but still we cannot help observing that the early completion of ship principally depends upon an early commencement of her. We have heard a great deal of the zeal and judgment brought by Sir John Pakington to the Admiralty, and his partisans claim for him a large share of credit for ordering this very *Warrior* during his administration. But why were not the tenders for building this ship invited before the 2nd of May, 1859, when Sir John Pakington was on the verge of ejection from the office which he had then held fifteen months? However, in the progress of time, the Admiralty became alive to the importance first, of ordering, and subsequently, of finishing, the *Warrior*. But the contractors, having their attention called by Sir Baldwin Walker to their contract for launching the ship on the 11th April, 1860, answer that they cannot positively say that she will be ready to be launched six months after the stipulated time. Sir Baldwin Walker hereupon submits to their Lordships the importance of despatch, and further submits "whether the attention of the Company should not be called to the terms of their contract." We may fairly admit that neither the Board of Admiralty nor its subordinates could do anything to expedite the launch, and in the art of doing nothing in an imposing manner, the Board is certainly unsurpassed. Accordingly, that impressive ceremony of calling attention to the contract having been performed a first time by Sir Baldwin Walker, is performed again in the name of the Lords Commissioners by their Secretary, and, strange to say, without result. Impossibilities which defied the Controller decline

to vanish on the intervention of the Board. It may not improbably have been an official tradition that, when the Board "called attention" to a contract, the effect upon the contractor would be tremendous. In the case of the Thames Shipbuilding Company, however, this effect was not so overpowering but that, on the day following, one of the directors found himself able to state for the information of the Board the principal causes of the delay which had been submitted to its sublime consideration. He pointed out that the estimates of the Company had necessarily been formed hastily, only four clear days having been allowed to make the tender. "Our experience has shown us that a work of such novelty and magnitude requires more time for its execution" than had previously been judged necessary. But further, the Company were required to put into the ship beams made by the Butterley Iron Company under a patent; and, as might be expected, the shipbuilders lay part of the blame for the delay upon the coadjutors who were thus forced upon them, while the Butterley Company defends itself in letters which are duly printed in the correspondence. Still further, the drawings and particulars of the stern-post and screw-frame were altered in August, 1859, from the original specification issued in May. "There was a very large increase of section and weight, and a much more difficult arrangement." The Company was obliged to put aside what it had prepared and begin again. "Beyond this, many important additions to the original design have been made by orders of the Admiralty, which experience has shown to be desirable as the work progressed." The *Warrior* being the first of this new class of ships, her builders had encountered difficulties which others following them would escape. In conclusion, the Company expresses a confidence which perhaps was not unreasonable, that the *Warrior*, when completed, would be found "in both material and workmanship, unequalled by any iron ships hitherto built."

During the autumn of last year, the Controller did not neglect his duty of writing letters to the contractors, and in the meanwhile *La Gloire* was launched, and the public as well as the Admiralty became impatient for the completion of her British rival. At last, the 29th of December was named as the day on which the launch positively should take place, as in fact it did. But in September the Admiralty decided that the armour-plates should be tongued and grooved. We may ask what would have been the value of the ship if she had been completed according to the contract, two months before this resolution was adopted by Sir Baldwin Walker? Supposing the tonguing and grooving to be as important as the authorities now consider it, we cannot but think that it was, after all, very lucky that the process of "calling attention" to the contract failed to expedite the performance of it. This new requisition, however, severely tasked the resources of the contractors. They were compelled to ask the aid of Government, whereupon Sir Baldwin Walker telegraphed, with his usual energy, to Woolwich and Sheerness Dockyards, to know how many plates could be tongued and grooved per week in those establishments. Answers having been received, instructions were given to the superintendents of the dockyards to prepare a portion of the *Warrior*'s plates; and those instructions were referred by the superintendents to the chief engineers, and by those functionaries duly noted, as we have, to our great satisfaction, read in the correspondence now before us. It does not, indeed, appear that the officers of the dockyards either promised or performed much. It is now just two years since the *Warrior* was ordered, and the plating process is not yet complete, or, at least, was not a few days ago. The history of her construction is exactly what we should have expected. We do not blame the contractors, nor do we seriously blame the Admiralty, for the delay which has occurred since the ship was ordered. But we do blame that blind, blundering imbecility which allows the season for doing a thing well to pass, and then attempts to do it hastily, and runs the risk of doing it badly, while endeavouring to excuse itself by the feeble artifice of writing to "call attention" to the terms of contracts which it ought to have known beforehand could not be honestly fulfilled.

ARCHITECTURE AT THE EXHIBITION OF 1862.

WE have not scrupled to give our plain opinion of Captain Fowke's unlucky design for the Great Exhibition Building, and we adhere to every word of the censure which we were compelled to pass upon that signal monument of deficient taste, of which we fear the nation will unjustly bear the blame. The Exhibition is altogether a great risk, for it has fallen on evil days, when men's imaginations are pre-occupied with wars and rumours of wars. But it would be very bad policy for the interests which feel themselves strong enough to make a push in their own behalf to hold back from any fear that the enterprise, as a whole, might fall short of its promoters' ambition. Every exhibitor throws in his lot for his own advantage, and not to please the Royal Commissioners, and if the result should be that he found himself satisfactorily represented in May, 1862, while other contributors had missed their opportunity, the game would all be on his side.

We have made these observations with special reference to one of the Fine Arts which appears to have been hitherto strangely overlooked in the arrangements which the Commissioners have made, so far as they are embodied in the paper of "decisions" lately issued. As all the world knows, the Commissioners have

trumpeted their intention of providing about a quarter of a mile of picture gallery for the best paintings of the last century, contributed from every part of the world, and have constituted a Committee of advice for the Fine Arts, in which painters and amateurs of painting form a preponderating majority. They have likewise announced their intention of reserving a special portion of the building for cosmopolitan machinery. In what way, however, have they treated architecture in its double aspect of a fine art and of a constructive science? Eight artistic societies are named as bodies with whom the Commissioners are willing to hold official communications, and of these societies six are wholly devoted to painting. The Royal Academy also is mainly a society of painters; and one only, the Royal Institute of Architects, represents architectural pursuits. In pursuance of this arrangement, the eight presidents of the eight societies have votes at the Fine Arts Committee of advice, and thus the sole official representative of architecture will find himself one out of eight, standing on the same level, and possessed of only the same vote, as the head of that meritorious but not exceedingly influential body of young painters who annually exhibit in the Portland Gallery, Regent-street, under the title of the Institute of British Artists. We imply no disrespect to these gentlemen, but we assert that it is preposterous to give their representative the same position at the Committee as the representative of all the architectural societies, after a preponderating voice for painting had already been secured by the nomination of the Presidents of the Royal Academy, the Suffolk-street Society, the Scottish and Hibernian Academies, and both Water-colour Societies. Architecture fares even worse in the Committee "for the organization of classes," by which its claims as a constructive science would have to be considered; for this body contains the heads of the Royal Agricultural Society, the Society of Arts, the Royal Dublin Society, the two Institutions of Civil and of Mechanical Engineers, but no official representative of any Architectural society whatever. When the rivalry which exists between engineering and architecture is considered, the unfairness of the advantage thus given to the former profession becomes self-evident.

When we come to the classification itself of the sections, the confusion of ideas as to the meaning and value of architecture which reveals itself is a proof that the danger to be apprehended is not imaginary. To be sure, "Architecture" stands as No. 1 of Section 4, that of the "Fine Arts," followed by paintings and drawings; but we have to turn back to the second section, in which railway plant forms the first item, and surgical instruments and appliances the last, for a class—the 10th—of "Civil Engineering, Architectural and Building Contrivances;" while the 14th Class bears the very suspicious title of "Photographic Apparatus and Photography"—a designation which, if it really means anything, implies that photographic representations of buildings (the most truthful conceivable method of architectural exhibition) are to be jumbled up with tenders and bandages in the Commissioners' minds.

We cannot conceive that this crude classification will be persisted in by the Commissioners. Their so doing would virtually be to deny to architecture its distinguishing, if not unique, position in the history of the world's civilization, as at once a fine art and a science of construction. It is little to say that its value in the first of these aspects is not represented on the Fine Arts Committee by a ratio of one to seven compared with painting, and that its other character is still more completely ignored by the marked advantage which is given to engineers and engineering. Supposing even that architecture were more strongly represented on both committees, still the divorce between the artistic and the constructive branches of architecture cannot fail to produce endless confusion, if not to render a real architectural exhibition impossible. We are not cynical enough to hint that the system adopted is the logical sequel of the employment of a military engineer to design the largest building in the world. It would be hardly good-natured to tolerate the idea that the same conformation of mind which made that selection may have conceived that architects were a confraternity whose graceful occupation consisted in producing pretty water-colour drawings in gilt frames.

Every claim which painting can advance for the appropriation of a distinct wing of the Exhibition exists in as strong a measure for architecture. The various drawings, models, and photographs contributed by the architects of different countries, will be useless for the purpose of comparative study if they are to be distributed up and down the building according to their producers' respective nationalities. If, on the contrary, they are ranged consecutively, their value for scientific comparison will be immense. The various countries may, indeed, and ought to have their respective spaces specifically assigned, but these spaces should follow each other like the pictures, and not be confounded in the general exhibition. We need hardly remind our readers that this arrangement of architecture was adopted in the French Exhibition of 1855. If this plan be adopted, and if a liberal retrospective latitude be conceded, similar to that which the sister art has realized, an exhibition may be produced of the various phases of architecture in various countries of Europe during the present and the latter part of the eighteenth century, represented by the best works of the best men, such as there has never been any previous opportunity of collecting. The various arts subordinate to architecture, such as stone and wood carving, metal-work for decorative construction, glass-

painting, &c., would naturally range themselves in direct connexion with architecture, and ought to be exhibited as far as possible in connexion with it. Above all things, models of buildings ought to be encouraged. A model is always popular, and if accurately constructed by scale, is necessarily truthful. At the same time it is always expensive in production, and so, unless some special encouragement is given for the exhibition of models, it is very likely that our architects may fear to encounter the incidental risk and toil. The Exhibition of 1851 afforded one specimen of such a display in Pugin's Court. That which Pugin, with his characteristic energy, carried out in those branches of art which he personally cultivated, ought to be revived on a larger scale, and with a less exclusive scope, by the co-operative energy of societies, architects, and architectural artists, working together with one harmonious aim under some definite central guidance.

We are glad to learn that the Institute of British Architects has not lagged behind its opportunity, but has taken steps to meet the intimation given to it by the Commissioners that its suggestions would not be neglected. It has, we hear, placed itself in communication with the other Architectural Societies existing in London (which, for their part, had also begun to energize), and has organized, in concert with them, a representative Architectural Committee for the Exhibition of 1862, with the view of communicating in that character with the Commissioners, and of sparing no pains to procure an adequate representation of international architecture. We can scarcely doubt that the Committee will insist on architecture in all branches, together with architectural art, having a separate and definite place assigned to it in the Exhibition building; and we can as little conceive that the Commissioners will turn a deaf ear to the counsels of so influential a body, created in consequence of its own invitation, and willing ungrudgingly to devote its time and labour to the furtherance of a most important feature of the Exhibition.

THE WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITIONS.

OF the two Water-Colour Exhibitions of the present year, that of the New Society is, in some respects, more striking, and shows more novelty and variety than its rival. Why the two Societies should still be rivals, instead of merging into one powerful body which should contain all the water-colour painters of the English school, it would puzzle any one to say. We give priority to the Old Society in noticing the more conspicuous works of the season.

So great is the similarity between one year's exhibition and another, and so confirmed the mannerism of even the best artists of this Society, that we believe it would be quite possible to write a very fair critique before the opening of the Gallery, leaving only the numbers and titles of the particular pictures to be filled in after actual inspection. A practised eye can identify most of the painters without consulting the catalogue; and a critical notice becomes little more than a repetition of formerly expressed judgments. However, it is due to the artistic community to take some detailed notice of the fruits of their year's labours.

Among the landscapists—taking them at random—Mr. Davidson holds his ground. His works are modest and unaffected, sober in colouring and good in drawing, and finished without pettiness of effect. He excels in describing the early spring. For instance, his "Sussex Farm House" (45), though not attractive at first sight, grows upon one (as the phrase is) in proportion as its fidelity to nature and its avoidance of exaggeration are appreciated. The same may be said of his "Growing Corn" (118), where the pale green is excellently given, and the natural temptation to make a prettier picture has been manfully resisted. This artist's other works are more commonplace and conventional. We look with hope to Mr. A. P. Newton. His "Menton" (24), is a most lovely Mediterranean coast scene, carefully studied. The opal-tinted sea is charming, and in spite of its brilliancy not untrue to nature. But the foreground of rocks is stiff and artificial. His power in sea-effects has rather failed him in his "Light" (29), a most ambitious attempt to paint the path of sheen traced on the waves by the sun at midday. Notwithstanding all the artist's efforts, the light in this picture looks like a solid. A similar effect is attempted in his lake scene (98), in which the floating gleam is almost metallic in its texture. Mentone supplies Mr. Newton with two or three more subjects; of which one (202), "Winter Foliage," is remarkable as a very novel effect. It is a view over the almost too blue sea from under the evergreens of the Prince of Monaco's gardens, and is strikingly clever, though patchy and unequal in execution. Mr. T. M. Richardson gives us a most meritorious distant view of the "Castle of Ischia" (26). The subject, though hackneyed, is treated originally. The dreamy haze over sea and sky will not fail to be noted, nor the faint shimmer on the horizon, which, with a sail or two, denotes where the water ends and the air begins. Another good picture of his is the "Coaster discharging Coals" (87), in which the sands at low water are effectively given, without undue straining after the picturesque. Mr. W. C. Smith draws his inspiration from many different quarters. He exhibits nothing especially successful this year. The best, perhaps, because the least laboured, is the view from the "Pass of Llanberis" (163), cool in tone, but true in its cloudy and hazy effects. Some of his Italian pieces show ability, but are mannered and unequal. Mr. Duncan has not fallen off in

his sea pieces. "Crab-Catchers" (3) has an excellent far-distance, with a glimmering light on the sea, and a watery sky. In "Christmas Time" (152) he attempts a snow scene. The snow is woolly and too partial; but the painter has caught the truth that the sky in snowy weather is sometimes summer-like in its tender colouring. Mr. G. A. Fripp's pictures always show a practised eye and hand; but they are all this year of average merit, and we are unable to single one out for special notice. It is pleasant to observe Mr. S. P. Jackson's steady improvement. There is good air and good water in his spirited picture, "Warping a disabled Vessel into Penzance Harbour" (6), and the wave dashing over the pier is drawn with great *verve* and truth. So, too, we observe very truthful effects of flying scud in his "Polperro Cove" (39), and his "Mount Orgueil Castle" (161). Less good is his more ambitious "Lizard Lights" (59), in which the effect intended to be given is dubious, in spite of the long verse explanation in the catalogue. Mr. John Callow confines himself to marine subjects. He is unequal and sometimes crude; but there are proofs of feeling and power in his works. For instance, the commonplace subject of two large outward-bound ships in tow of two smoking tugs, "Off the Reculvers" (58), is treated ably and poetically. He is less successful in pretentious subjects, such as "The Chops of the Channel" (11), than in more homely and more easily studied aspects of coast and shipping. Mr. W. Callow is, as usual, too eager after exceptional effects. Thus he wraps his "Mont St. Michel" (8) in an almost impossible whirl of sweeping mists. However, in his "Robin Hood's Bay" (65), he portrays rather happily a heavy vertical shower, under picturesque effects of reflected light. Others of his works this year are slight and hard. Mr. Gastineau is commonplace and unimproving. His "Carlingford Castle" (60) is a specimen of a style of picture which is happily becoming extinct. It is overstrained in the highest degree. In the distance, a heavy storm, with a ray of forked lightning, comes in by way of strong contrast to the busy activity of the rest of the piece. We are not great admirers of Mr. Tayler, though his moorland scenery and animal pieces are often very fresh and truthful. But his figures of a woman, a girl, and a dog, in "Market-day, Scotland" (97), are somewhat feeble and meaningless. The Northumbrian "Farm Homestead" (124) is better; and his "Cattle Drovers" (294) is spirited enough. Mr. Naftel is not in force this year. His Italian views, though discreetly avoiding the exaggerated colouring which is thought proper for such scenes, have a look of unreality, and are often thin and raw. But in "Venice" (95) the water of the lagune is a little over-coloured. Mr. W. Turner, Mr. Harding, Mr. Branwhite, and Mr. Andrews do not call for special comment. Mr. Palmer has a gift for sunsets, but too often spoils them by exaggeration. His "After the Storm" (183) fails of being successful as a whole, though the lurid sky, the green horizon, and the rack of storm-clouds are all excellent in detail. His aim after "breadth" will be fatal to Mr. D. Cox, jun., if he does not take care. We defy any one to distinguish, at first sight, between the sheep and the rocks of some of his foregrounds; and the *cumuli* in his skies are very apt to be woolly. Mr. Rosenberg exhibits some very conscientiously-painted landscapes, especially some Norwegian scenes; but in his "Troldtindine" (111)—a most wild and desolate gorge—there is a lack of aerial distance; and the clouds, half-way down the crags, are too much like pillows. This artist also sends one or two *genre* paintings, much laboured. Mr. Birket Foster deserves high praise for some quiet, modest, and truthful bits of home scenery, highly elaborated in execution.

Of the figure painters Mr. Burton sends a careful and expressive study of an old Puritan head, "the Old Ironside" (275). Mr. Carl Haag offers a forcible Bavarian Chamois-hunter (9) steadying his telescope by his alpenstock. His other pictures are architectural views from Jerusalem and Athens—the last (105) showing well the sterile scenery of Attica, though with some affection of colouring, throwing a strong yellow light on the Acropolis. Mr. A. Eripp has some theatrical and inane figures. Mr. Smallfield misuses a powerful pencil. If he will eschew ugliness and stage trick, his force and originality will win him deserved success. His "Primavera" (233) is his best work. Let him beware of silly sentimental subjects, like "The First from Him" (174). Miss Gillies, as usual, deals in well-meant, but ill-drawn pieces of a sentimental sort. But she escapes the depth of silliness which is reached in the same direction by Mrs. Criddles. Messrs. Jenkins and Riviere may be classed with the last named lady. Can Mr. Gilbert really think that his coarse figures in the least degree resemble nature? Messrs. Oakley and Topham have escaped the lowest place among the figure painters only because Mr. Nash has brought him of illustrating *Pilgrim's Progress* in a series of ridiculous vignettes. Finally, Mr. Read must be commended for one or two good architectural scraps, and Mr. Hunt's marvellously coloured miniatures must be acknowledged. This artist's works this year are a dead wood-pigeon, a dead "Chick" (258), and two fruit pieces—all of them good specimens of his unequalled style; and, in addition, a bold study of the head of a mulatto boy (259), effectively painted, with his dark complexion, crisp, curly hair and thick lips duly elaborated in the master's most finished manner.

Passing now to the exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, we find the president, Mr. H. Warren, represented by two indifferent pictures. The "Ford of the Jordan" (33), representing the Greek bathing-place, seems to want local colour, and the scene and actors are confused. The other one—

a "Zwingfest on the Wengern Alp" (46)—is an unsatisfactory attempt to combine a bustling crowd with a magnificent background of natural scenery. In the wrestling match represented on this small scale one can take no real interest; and the scenery is a failure. There is no air in the picture, and the Jungfrau does not keep its proper distance. Mr. E. G. Warren's single picture, "Rest in the Cool and Shady Wood" (212), is far more successful, and is the gem of the exhibition. It is a beech wood, with patches of sunlight mottling the dark brown ground. Hard by, there is a ripe corn-field, with reapers under a blazing sun, and a stretch of blue distance. It is a beautiful composition and very boldly painted, without any exaggeration of the detail. Of Mr. Bennett suffice it to say, that he is, as usual, pretty and commonplace, with occasional gleams of something better. Mr. Fahey's mediocrity has no such relief. One of Mr. McKewan's numerous pictures—"Birker Falls, Cumberland" (34)—may be noticed for a good evening effect. A mania seems to have seized Mr. Penley for representing everything in a mist. Surely it would be possible to avoid the monotony of eternal sunshine, which some water-colour painters seem to think the normal condition of nature, without going into the opposite extreme. Once or twice we observed good effects of haze and vapour; but generally this new trick is carried to an absurd excess. "Loch Bennacher" (29), for example, vanishes altogether in a tinted haze. This is an affectation which must deteriorate the painter. On the other hand, Mr. Philp seems to us improving. There is much quiet force in his "Granite and Heath" (93). Of his sea pieces, the squally coast scene, "Too Rough for Fishing" (224), is the best. But some others among them show signs of haste. Mr. Rowbotham has avoided theatrical effects and tricks; but there is little or nothing to notice in the many pictures which stand under his name. Mr. Whymper is another fertile but prosaic painter. He finds it easier, probably, to give quiet scenes in a low tone of colour than to attempt anything more pretentious. It is a pity that his water is generally so opaque and patchy. We least like his sketches of Surrey scenery. Nothing, indeed, more tries the true powers of a landscape painter than the characteristic peculiarities of the downs and hills of this home county. One may generally look with pleasure on Mr. Vacher's pictures, though they often want vigour. His "Snowdon" (11), however, is spoilt by its careless foreground; and the same fault may be found with his "Moel Siabod" (231). He sends several dreamy, conventionalized Italian scenes, which are painted probably from recollection, and by the aid of memoranda, rather than from nature itself. Only one picture by Mr. Mole need be mentioned. There are touches of true nature in his "Rising Tide" (301). Mr. Robins has some spirited coast scenes, from both sides of the Channel; and Mr. E. Hayes, though trying different styles, seems to be most at home in sea pieces. Some graceful scenes, showing a true eye for colour, are the last that we shall have from the pencil of the late Thomas Lindsay.

This exhibition contains some very remarkable groups, chief among which are three by Mr. Corbould. "Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astolat" (88), is a bold effort of colouring in this method of art. The "blackest samite" of the pall is given in all its intensity; and the design is certainly clever. But the bier carries a seeming corpse, though the poet tells us "she did not seem as dead, but fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled." The pair of pictures painted for the Queen, from subjects in *Adam Bede*, will arrest the gaze of every visitor to the gallery. The first, representing Hetty and Captain Donnithorne in Mrs. Poyser's dairy, is the better of the two. Here we have a perfect study of the accessories, with the sharpness and almost the depth of Dutch *genre* painting. Hetty is a piquante brunette, with long eyelashes, and a very coquettish dress, but her admirer is a mere lay-figure, and Mrs. Poyser is a daub. The other picture, representing Dinah preaching from a cart, is altogether a failure. The fair Methodist and the crowd are alike unreal in expression and deficient in local colouring. Mr. Tidey has a "Geneviève" (109), which is out of drawing; and a "Darthula" (238), a scene borrowed from *Ossian*, on an unusually large scale. The latter is an ambitious but painful picture. A pallid amazon, in a lurid glare, standing over her lover's corpse upon a heap of slain, with a shadowy warrior behind her, would in any case be an unpleasant subject for a painting. Mr. Bouvier dresses his simpering Odalisque beauties this year in classical costumes, as Olympia and Lesbia. He fails as conspicuously as Mr. Absolon in historical scenes. There is a dreadful picture by the latter artist, representing Madile de Sombreuil, in the French Revolution, drinking human blood in a wine-glass, with a melodramatic expression. Mr. Jossling and Mr. Lee have some harmless groups of figures. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Margetts find a rival, in fruit and flower-painting, in a rising artist, Mr. T. Sutcliffe. As an animal-painter Mr. Harrison Weir stands alone. This year he gives us studies of grouse and ptarmigan on the snow, and a nightingale in full song. Architecture is well represented by Mr. Haghe, whose clever mannerism is confirmed, and by Mr. Prout's picturesque urban sketches. Mr. Boys and Mr. Cromeck follow in the same school; and Mr. Carl Werner, who exhibits for the second time this year, has struck out a line of his own. It is a pity that, with so much originality and vigour, he should condescend to tricks of art. We doubt, for instance, whether such a reflection of light as he throws on the water under the Bridge of Sighs, at Venice (15), is in any way possible, considering the position of that narrow canal with respect to the neighbouring buildings. A scene from Cooper's *Bravo*, representing Jacopo

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before the Council of Three (189), is clever and attractive. But the action is exaggerated, and some of the figures very weakly conceived. Mr. Werner would probably do well to stick to architecture. Some of his minor views, taken from Spanish buildings, are novel and striking. But his interior of the Alhambra is not improved by a theatrical figure of the daughter of the custode sitting in picturesque attire in the Court of Lions; and the herbage in this picture is as bad as can be. Upon the whole, our readers will see that there is no falling off this year in either of the Water-Colour Exhibitions.

NIGGER MINSTRELSY.

ABOUT a quarter of a century since, a large proportion of the people of London gave themselves up to one of those fits of idolatry which seem so strangely at variance with the generally phlegmatic character of our race. For the first time they were made familiar with the sort of negro who forms an element of modern American life; and the hideous laugh, the wild gestures, and strange dialect with which they were regaled by the then celebrated "Jim Crow Rice," produced in them such a novel mixture of wonder and delight that they could not do less than fall down and worship their eccentric instructor. So "Jim Crow" became a fixed idea with the Cockneys, referred to in countless ways and manifested in countless shapes. To the chimney-pieces of the middle classes, where Tom, Jerry, and Logic, Madame Vestris as Giovanni, and Liston as Paul Pry, had previously been placed as household "gods," the effigy of the shabby negro was elevated with all honour, and aspiring youths who were famed for "a good song" regarded a successful imitation of Mr. Rice's vocal performances as an object worthy of the most soaring ambition. Then the burden of Jim Crow's song, "Turn about, wheel about," illustrated by a rotatory movement on the part of the singer, was caught with avidity by the small satirists of the day, who, when they wished to stigmatize statesmen or journals with an habitual readiness to change their political principles, found an apt and universally intelligible illustration of their meaning in the revolving figure of Jim Crow.

There is no doubt that Mr. Rice's performance was of a kind entirely novel to Europe, and that his representation of the negro of modern life must be set down as an important item in that course of ethnological instruction which at long intervals is given to the body of the people at places of public amusement. The comic black, who had become a familiar figure to the Londoners prior to the arrival of Mr. Rice, was a fanciful personage, whose neatly striped dress, red slippers, bare legs, and huge ear-rings separated him completely from the actual world, and he was accepted as a convention, like the ordinary figures of pantomimes. The learned, we believe, have decided that the old stage black borrowed his dress from the negroes of the Spanish colonies; but that was a point which play-goers never thought to investigate thirty years ago, when they were perfectly content to behold a citizen of their own day attired after the fashion immortalized by Hogarth, and found nothing exceptional in a Falstaff who appeared as a sort of military Punchinello, with obvious leanings towards the costume of William III. The black man with the blue and white stripes was the black whom everybody went to see, without asking any questions as to his origin; and a very funny fellow he was. From the stage he has now passed away, but his literary monument may be found in the old musical comedy, the *Padlock*, to the perusal of which those of our readers who care about the stage may not unprofitably devote a spare hour. Mungo in the *Padlock* is the best specimen of the old conventional black.

No contrast could be more complete than that between the exceedingly neat negro to whom we have just referred and the ragged, uncouth vagabond who was introduced to the Londoners by "Jim Crow Rice." But in his very shabbiness there was an attraction, "*Le laid, voilà le beau!*" is said to have been the aesthetic maxim adopted by M. Victor Hugo when he composed the story of Quasimodo, and there is no doubt that the shabby—not in character, but in costume—is greatly relished by play-goers of every grade. The charm of the "Wandering Minstrel," represented by Mr. Robson to the delight of the most aristocratic audience, lies not only in his song and in his dialect, but in his tatters; and an Irishman who fastens his coat with a skewer, and substitutes a hayband for a stocking, is welcomed not only as a man and a brother, but as a peculiarly interesting member of the species. In song, dance, rags, dialect, and gesticulation, Mr. Rice was alike acceptable, and the world was surprised to find that a black face could be associated with attributes once monopolized by the inhabitants of St. Giles's and Whitechapel. Billy Waters, the one-legged black fiddler, copied (if not literally taken) from the streets to embellish *Tom and Jerry*, and Agamemnon, the attendant negro of the elder Mr. Charles Mathews's *Jonathan in England*, had indeed preceded Jim Crow, and had earned their share of notoriety, but they were too much in the background to become the leading idols of a period; and although the respect paid to Billy Waters amounted to a sort of hero-worship, heightened by the circumstance that he was a fact as well as a figure, he had a formidable rival in Dusty Bob, who still lives in memory as the type of the old London Dustman.

The worship of Jim Crow was as short-lived as it was ardent; for though his performance was novel, it could be very easily

imitated, and an English actor named Dunn, who simply copied Mr. Rice, was soon considered his successful rival by the lower class of playgoers, whose opinion with respect to certain branches of art is by no means to be despised. What with the original, and his imitators, and the repetitions of the "Turn about" song in every nook and corner, people began to think the comic negro a bore, just as about eight years since a decided distaste for the pious negro succeeded the rage for Uncle Tom. Jim Crow had been forgotten for something less than ten years when negro humour appeared before the public in an entirely new shape. Instead of donning the tattered coat and hat which Mr. Rice had made popular, or bringing into fashion the discarded blue and white suit of his predecessors, the new artistic negroes accousted themselves in evening suits of black—perfect English gentlemen in every particular save the face. Mr. Rice had displayed his talent in broad Adelphi farces; but Messrs. Pell and Co. eschewed stage-plays, and got up an entertainment which even the Evangelical classes might patronize without inward misgiving. Their maxim was *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*, and instead of inviting a roar from the assemblage of an ordinary gallery, they settled themselves in the most western theatre, and courted the smiles and the tears of the aristocratic. They sang about the joys and sorrows incident to negro life; and though some of their comic ditties were absurdities compared to which "Hot Codlins" is a work of high literary art, there was a freshness in their tone that gratified the most fastidious ears, while the more pathetic melodies were not only pleasing in themselves, but frequently accompanied words that, rather in sorrow than in anger, hinted at the miseries of slavery, and therefore accorded with the serious convictions of many of the audience. The form of the entertainment, too, was entirely novel. The minstrels sat in a row of which the two extremities were respectively occupied by the artists on the "bones" and the tambourine. These, who were somewhat more in the foreground than the players on the banjo and violin, were the humourists of the party, throwing themselves into grotesque attitudes during the performance of the music, and filling up the intervals of song with verbal jokes of the kind in which the clowns of the equestrian ring are wont to indulge. Mr. Pell, who himself was "bones"—for the word at last came to denote the player as well as the instrument—had really favoured London with a new sensation. With the castanet, as an accompaniment to the elegant Spanish dances of Taglioni and Duverney, everybody had become familiar; but this primitive rattle, played with the most frantic contortions, was something entirely without precedent.

At first a few unreasonable grumblers endeavoured to stem the popularity of Mr. Pell's company by declaring that the artists were not real blacks, but only white musicians with blackened faces. This pretended discovery was no discovery at all. Far from wishing to pass themselves off for veritable niggers, Pell and Co., as free-born American citizens, would have bitterly resented the suspicion that they had the least drop of black blood in their veins; so they lost no time in publishing portraits of themselves, with the white faces bestowed upon them by nature, in addition to others in which they wore the sable hue of their profession. Moreover, they styled themselves "Ethiopian Serenaders," thus selecting the name of an African country totally disconnected with negro slavery.

The popularity of "Jim Crow" was a rage among the middle and lower classes; but the "Ethiopians" set a *fashion* in the strictest sense of the word. The highest personages in the land patronized their performances. An ingenuous young gentleman who could play on the banjo and sing "Lucy Neale" or "Buffalo gals" was a welcome guest in the most aristocratic drawing-rooms; and if four amateurs clubbed together and imitated the entire performance of the professors, they were regarded as benefactors to their species. Let the music-books of the year 1846 and thereabouts be turned over, and it will be found what an enormous influence the Pell company had over the social pianoforte performances of their day. But though the Ethiopians started under aristocratic patronage, there was nothing in the nature of their entertainment to favour a continuance of exclusiveness. Italian operas and French plays will always repel the masses, from the simple circumstance that the words employed are in a foreign language, but there was nothing either in the humour or in the music of Pell's company that could not be as readily appreciated in St. Giles's as in St. James's. Consequently the people rushed into the participation of an enjoyment so keenly relished by the upper classes, and not only did imitators of the Ethiopians spring up in the cheapest concert-rooms, but a band of itinerant black musicians became as necessary an appurtenance of the London streets as Punch's show or a barrel-organ, much to the discomfiture of lovers of quiet in general, and of Dr. Babbage in particular.

Among the higher classes, the predilection for Ethiopian minstrelsy apparently died out, but in the lower stratum of society the tradition of Pell was faithfully preserved; and recent events show that even in the fashionable world the love of banjos and black faces was rather in abeyance than utterly extinct. Though negro melody and negro wit had been so done to death in every shape and in every quarter, that they seemed on the point of descending into a mere street nuisance, important only to the police, the arrival of the "Christy's Minstrels," about four years since, revived the dormant flame. A host of well-

dressed folks were again heard to declare that Ethiopian minstrelsy was the most amusing thing in London, and the piano-forte books were once more filled with songs testifying to the popularity of the new favourites among the most select classes of the metropolis.

And the Christy's Minstrels have kept their ground. Pell and Co. founded the taste, which long survived its originators; but the Christy's have secured a permanent existence to their own corporate body. Their principal comic artist died, their manager retired with a fortune in his pocket; but they appointed a new humorist and subjected themselves to a new chief, and their corporate existence has been no more affected by the ordinary casualties of life than that of the Merchant Tailors' Company. They have likewise established a regular form of entertainment which is universally recognised; and to this form their competitors, the "Buckley's" and the "Campbell's," generally adhere. The first part of the exhibition consists of a concert, in which the performers appear in black evening suits, and play, sing, and joke after the model set by Pell and his associates. There is, however, this difference, that the sentimental songs are commonly without reference to the peculiarities of negro life, and are not unfrequently composed by leading musicians, such as Balfour and Wallace. The second part is miscellaneous, and contains a great deal of grotesque dancing, together with a comic scene or two, in which the shabby vagabond negro of "Jim Crow Rice" once more makes his appearance. A burlesque of some well-known Italian Opera concludes the whole. If we consider that all this is done, and exceedingly well done, by a company not above twelve strong, we shall have just cause to wonder at the concentration of talent, musical, histrionic, and gymnastic, that has been accomplished in the formation of the troupe, and still more, to marvel at its vitality. When the Arlechino of an old Italian company died, his loss was regarded as a terrible calamity, the extemporaneous character of the "Commedia dell'arte" requiring accomplishments of no ordinary kind; and it would seem that only a rare combination of muscular, vocal, and mimetic powers would enable a man to be chief comedian of the Christy's. So firmly is nigger minstrelsy now established as one of the leading amusements of the metropolis, that London without its regular black band would seem shorn of a necessary appurtenance. The banjo is thrummed all the year round; for when the "Christy's" retire to swallow a mouthful of fresh air and to pick up a pocketful of money in the provinces, the Buckley's or the Campbell's are quick to relieve guard, and make a very respectable figure.

Those who look on everything with a serious face will find in the popularity of nigger minstrelsy among the educated classes a singular illustration of the close connexion that exists between Puritanism and extreme frivolity. Scores of persons who would think it wicked to see the highest work of dramatic art performed by the finest company in the world, will, with the utmost complacency, spend a long evening in listening to trivial jokes, provided they cannot be convicted of "going to the play." It is not that these persons object to the theatre as an edifice, for they will unscrupulously enter any playhouse in London to witness the tricks of a conjurer; neither are they particularly averse to the dramatic form of entertainment, for this is constantly employed in their presence by the artists they delight to patronize. But they must not "go to the play" on any consideration, and the distinction they draw is sufficiently practical to prevent the patronage of all that is elevating in the drama, and to promote the encouragement of all that is trivial.

There is something melancholy in the fact that a form of religion has widely spread which manifestly tends to lower the civilization of the educated classes; but those who are content to take things as they find them may agreeably pass an evening with the "Christy's Minstrels," and respect them as a clever set of artists, who have thoroughly understood how to make the best of the circumstances in which they are placed, and deport themselves ably and conscientiously in their singular vocation.

REVIEWS.

LIFE AND REMAINS OF ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Second Notice.

FROM the letters of Alexis de Tocqueville, M. de Beaumont has made a selection which goes far to give an autobiography of the deceased which reveals, so far as written words can reveal, the graces, the tenderness, and the nobleness of his character, and is rich in the most varied instruction on numberless subjects of the greatest religious and political interest. An English editor would probably have thought it necessary to publish at least six volumes of the correspondence of so eminent a man. M. de Beaumont is sufficient of an artist to have produced exactly the effect which it was most desirable to produce, and he has only occupied a volume and a half of large print. These letters consist of a few written in early life to intimate friends, of a small collection belonging to the date when Tocqueville was gaining fame by the publication of his work on Democracy, and of a great many which were addressed to his oldest associates and acquaintances after the revolution of '48 had consigned him to political obscurity, and frustrated all his hopes of the political improvement of his country. This last portion, it

is scarcely necessary to say, is much the most interesting. Many of the letters are addressed to his English friends—to Mr. Reeve, Mr. Senior, Mrs. Grote, and others; and he takes the opportunity to express himself freely about his own country, and also to comment on the current events of English history. Significant blanks explain to us that there are many passages omitted which, in the present position of the press in France, could not have been printed. The Emperor's tour in Normandy and Brittany, for example, when his priestly worshippers kept smiting their breasts and exclaiming that the new Diana of their Ephesus was indeed great, seems to have suggested to Tocqueville certain reflections not exactly adapted to stand the censorship of the press. M. de Beaumont has also published a fragment of what was to have been the second volume of Tocqueville's work on the *Ancien Régime and the Revolution*. It is quite worthy of its author, but as it could only be discussed in reference to the first volume, and to the author's general views on the progress and character of the French Revolution, we must limit ourselves to the correspondence. The letters before us are so inexhaustible a subject, suggest so many thoughts, and are full of so much sound teaching, that anything like a satisfactory survey of their contents would far exceed our space. Perhaps something like a notion of what is to be found in them may be conveyed if we confine ourselves to noticing, first, the kind of hints they contain for an appreciation of Tocqueville's character, habits, and general ways of thinking—next, his opinions on the last French Revolution—and lastly, his views on two great subjects of interest to Englishmen—the relations of England to the Continent, and the relations of England to India.

The charm of Tocqueville's correspondence lies in its frankness and its variety, and in the tone of good breeding which teaches him how to speak of himself with the reserve of a dignified man, and yet to open his heart with the confidence which an affectionate man feels in the sympathy of his friends. There is nothing stilted or affectedly grand in his letters. He speaks to his correspondents of that which is uppermost in his mind, and asks for information and help, or criticises an author or a political event with ease and simplicity. He called in the aid of all his friends to assist him in his researches and to do him little acts of kindness. Now, we have him writing to M. Ampere to ask whether he can call to mind any anecdotes or allusions in old books which would show that the old faithful servant of fiction, like Caleb Balderstone, was a reality. Now, we find him requesting Mr. Senior to ask Lord Macaulay if he can account for the gentlemen of England not having been formed into a caste. Then, again, we come upon a letter to Mrs. Grote, asking her to give him some information about iron hurdles—a rather odd subject, as he himself remarks, to form the subject of a correspondence between a Member of the Institute and the cleverest woman in England. He constantly paints his life at Tocqueville, speaks of the pleasure he has had in reading the last work of importance to his wife, and offers to a friend quiet, a hearty welcome, and the very tower a lonely student would like to work in. He speaks of the books that most delight him, and especially of Bourdaloue, whose sermons he is constantly reading, although he is afraid that the "Bon Dieu" will not think much of the act of piety, as the reader is so charmed with the style of the author that reading is a true pleasure. His letters also reflect the passing moods of his mind, and the aspect in which his way of living or the scenery about him struck him at the moment. He was an excellent neighbour to all around him, and took the warmest interest in their pursuits. On one occasion, he tells a friend at Paris that he is almost alarmed at the ease with which he is absorbed in the occupations of the country, and fears that an indifference to great subjects lies at the bottom of his heart. On another occasion, he says that the constant thought and strain which his work on the Revolution was costing him made itself most severely felt, and presented a strong contrast to the tranquillity of country pursuits, but that he feels that the pleasures of a tranquil life could never really content him. In another letter he draws a picture of the sea-coast of Normandy in stormy weather, and says that at some moments he enjoys the melancholy grandeur of the scene, while at others he does not feel up to thoughts of so high a level, and simply longs to be in Paris. There is nothing wonderful in all this. He writes as many other men of education and feeling might write, but it is impossible to understand him unless we appreciate the naturalness of his character and life. His great thoughts are set in the frame of a manly simplicity and openness, and are not shot forth to astonish and dazzle his friends or the world. Even, however, in short letters he often manages to insert a train of reflections which mark his power and his width of range. A better specimen could scarcely be found than a letter he wrote to Mr. Reeve on the occasion of the first Chinese war. He was much impressed with the greatness of the occasion, and in a few words he expresses how it seemed to him that "a greater and more extraordinary change was going on in our day than the establishment of the Roman empire ever carried with it—the change involved in the gradual subjection of four quarters of the globe to the fifth."

As three-fourths of the letters published in M. de Beaumont's second volume were written after the Revolution of '48, the passages in the correspondence which bear on that curious event and on its consequences are far too numerous to be noticed in detail. We must, therefore, make selections. One of the earliest comments of any importance is to be found in a letter addressed

to Mrs. Grote, in February, 1849. Tocqueville there says:—"The nation did not want a revolution. Still less did it want a republic; for although there is not in France the slightest attachment to any royal family, there is an opinion, that is very nearly universal, that royalty is a necessary institution." France, he goes on to say, submitted to Paris because the stream of manufacturing industry and the centralization of administrative power had made Paris the mistress of France. But during the year that followed the revolution of February, the nation endeavoured by peaceful and legal means to regain what had been taken away from it. "The world talks of the mobility of the French people. It is certainly very easily moved, but it has never shown itself less so than during the past year. I must own that the nation in acting as it did on the 10th of December (by choosing Louis Napoleon) was quite consistent." Tocqueville was exceedingly favourable to the Italian cause, and bitterly regretted the harm which the French revolution had done to Italy. "The revolution of February," he writes to M. Dufaure, "has done an irreparable injury to Italy. It has precipitated a political movement which could come to no good end unless it proceeded slowly. It is frightful and saddening to see how the germs of liberty have been stifled, trodden under foot, and destroyed in this wretched country during the last three years by those who had nothing but liberty on their lips." Three months before the *coup-d'état* of December, Tocqueville thus wrote to M. de Beaumont:—"It is very difficult to gather the political opinion of any department. The truth is, every one is silent; and never was a people more pre-occupied with its public affairs, and its mouth more closed. I think, however, I can discern this much. There is no strong feeling in behalf of the President; there is a great tolerance for those who do not like him, but there is a general disposition to re-elect him, simply 'because he is there.' Any one else in his place would have much the same position, so great is the horror of novelty, and the dread of stirring up disturbance." No one deplored more warmly the remoter effects of the *coup-d'état* after it had been achieved. On the death of Count Molé, in 1855, he thus writes:—"Nothing strikes me more than the change which has taken place, and is daily taking place, with regard to the old French taste for intellectual pleasures. By that I mean a delight in great works and ingenious conversations. Now-a-days it would seem that to seek for pleasure of this kind would be to employ time in a way that was dangerous, or at least frivolous." And again, two years later, he says, "Nothing replaces the great names we are losing every year. A universal mediocrity seems to extend itself gradually over everything. It is very sad to live in such an epoch for all those to whom to live in comfort is not everything."

Tocqueville loved England as well as a foreigner can love it. He was most sincerely attached to his English friends, and he watched all that went on here with the utmost anxiety. Nothing could be more natural than that he should ponder over the reasons which kept others from doing as he did, and which produce so much ill-feeling to England on the Continent. Something was to be attributed to mere jealousy, and something to the attitude which England and Englishmen assume toward the Continent. But he thinks that there must be a deeper cause to affect the higher minds that feel a repugnance to England. In the first place, he says that there is a tendency in England to separate herself from the Continent, which of course makes her less regarded there. This he considers a mistake. "It is to quit the greatest theatre of human affairs; for, after all, this theatre is not at Sydney or even at Washington—it is still in our old Europe. Observe, that I am only speaking of England, and not of the English race. Every one knows that the fiat of Providence has been pronounced, and that the future of the world belongs only to two races—the Slave and the English." In a letter to Mrs. Grote he speaks of "a habit of the English mind in politics" which has always surprised him. "In the eyes of the English, the cause of which will benefit England is always the cause of justice. The man or the government that serves England has all sorts of good qualities, and that which hurts England has every kind of defect; so that it would seem that the test of what is honest, noble, and just is to be found in that which favours or hurts the interests of England." The accusation of a political Machiavellism which is often brought against England, he considers absurd. No people, he thinks, is less inclined to it. The true reason of the phenomenon M. de Tocqueville discovers in "an impossibility to see two things at once, and also in the praiseworthy desire to connect the conduct of the country with something more solid and more elevated than even the interest of the nation." The letter concludes with a very remarkable passage:—"As to the kind of indifference which the English now seem to feel for the liberties of most Continental peoples, it is only what the people feel themselves as to their own liberty; and England cannot be expected to care for the freedom of those who do not cherish it. Nor is the time such as to permit or call on England to play her old part of a Liberal Power." "But, then, let her lay aside this part for the present altogether. She ought not to have the advantages of securing absolute power in one country, while in another country, as in Italy, she throws herself on the support of Liberals."

No portion of English politics had more attractions for Tocqueville than what concerns the government of India; and he keenly interested himself in the issue of the severe trial through which the English in India passed in 1857. The origin of the mutiny

he traced to the want of sympathy between the conquered and their conquerors. Secondary causes may be grouped around this, but this is the primary one. "The horrible events in India are by no means a rising against oppression—they are a revolt of barbarism against arrogance." In another letter he points out how strange it is that England, with so aristocratical a Government of her own, is everywhere led to destroy the aristocracies with which she comes in contact. The native princes of India felt that they were subjected to a lot of gradual extermination, and were half inclined to band together to make a last stand in common. But most fortunately, no native of ability and courage appeared to take the lead; and so India was saved to England. Tocqueville discusses, on different occasions, the difficult question whether India is a gain to England or not. He comes to the conclusion that, at any rate, it is impossible to abandon it. It is not to be supposed that a people, after having, through the conquest of India, filled so large a space in the eyes and thoughts of the human race, can withdraw from their splendid position with impunity. With most of the opinions uttered by Tocqueville on India we are, indeed, familiar. They are the opinions of most educated Englishmen; but we have the pleasure of seeing them corroborated by being adopted by so acute and profound a thinker, and of finding them expressed with the utmost niceties of French terseness and polish.

PEARSON ON THE EARLY AND MIDDLE AGES OF ENGLAND.*

M. R. PEARSON'S work is probably sufficiently small—it is certainly sufficiently able—gradually to permeate the school teaching of the country. The octavo form, like Socrates, brings down philosophy from the clouds to dwell among men. It is the *lingua franca* between earth and heaven—the point at which theology becomes explosive and historical inquiry vernacular. Mr. Pearson undertakes the octavo *avatar* of "the last results of inquiry" into twelve well-fought centuries of early English history, and addresses his work "to the large class who want time and inclination to pursue English history as an exclusive study." His book is concise, vigorous, well-informed, occasionally vivid; and if we miss in its compact and well-arranged chapters the profound original analysis of great historical power, we are only denying it a merit to which it does not appear to pretend. The author has, we think, more enthusiasm for, than real sympathy with his period of history. He fully sees, but does not always keep in sight, the strangeness of these early States, whose very lifeblood was the supernatural, whose very police was theocratic, for their offenders were detected by God. We do not dwell on casual expressions, such as that which attributes to the Anglo-Saxons "a superstitious reverence for chance as the expression of invisible laws," though anachronisms such as this abound. Mr. Pearson modernizes these ages in uncalled-for advocacy of them. Why defend compurgation or the Crusades? To justify is almost necessarily to modernize—the reasons which recommend the same thing to two distant centuries are so rarely the same. The system of compurgatory evidence followed in the Anglo-Saxon courts was followed, not, as is urged in a defence of compurgation (p. 177), because they were obliged by the rudeness of the times to be content with this class of proof, but because compurgation and ordeal represented to the Anglo-Saxon mind the only satisfactory or comprehensible kind of evidence in nature.

Mr. Pearson's rather wavering appreciation of the Roman rule in Britain omits all notice of the administrative system of the province. When he speaks of the Britanic "nationality" having been "outraged" by the Romans, we remember that a Gallic Prince, Divitius of Soissons, was believed to have held a considerable portion, if not the whole, of Britain, before Caesar ever crossed the Channel. Is it easy to see in the Apocalypse (p. 44) a wail for lost "local liberties"? Surely Mr. Pearson does not read so puny a feeling in its deep, half-fascinated moral reprobation of the vicious greatness of Rome? When we are told that the subject nations of the Empire felt that "baths and gardens, office and dignity, were reserved for their rulers," we turn to a note on p. 30 to correct the statement. "The parents," it runs, "of Diocletian were Dalmatian slaves; those of Probus Illyrian peasants. Maximin was a Thracian peasant of Gothic origin." There is no reason why we should envy the Irish for never having been conquered by Caius Julius Agricola. As Mr. Pearson himself well says, "the secret of the long anarchy and weakness of Ireland lies in the fact that it was Christianized without being civilized." The probable existence of British tributary princes, the prevalence of the Celtic language, the exceptional and singular withdrawal of the Roman government, and, above all, the doubt that hangs over the existence of a Christian church in Britain, indicate the remote and very colonial character of the British province, to which we need not extend the moral degradation which undoubtedly attached to the slave-worked latifundia and proletariat city populations of wealthier districts. We agree with Mr. Pearson, that a Christian Church probably existed in Britain in the fourth century; but his theory that "it was throughout a missionary establishment, chiefly working among

* *The Early and Middle Ages of England.* By Charles H. Pearson, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and Professor of Modern History, King's College, London. London: Bell and Daldy. 1861.

the native tribes, and having little influence among the Romanized populations," is unsupported by evidence, while it is certainly opposed to the general analogy of the Empire at this period. The couplet—

Signum quod perhibent esse crucis Dei,
Magnis qui coluntur solus in uribus—

comes from a poem of the early part of the fifth century. The least doubtful facts we possess with respect to Christianity in Britain (such as the existence of a Roman church near Canterbury when Augustine landed) point entirely the other way. Accepting the existence of this very problematical Church, Mr. Pearson engrafts possibility on a possibility, and imagines, in the fifth century, an unauthenticated Neo-Druidist reaction against this unauthenticated establishment. His evidence for this fact may be construed with more probability as showing that, as has often been remarked, Christianity allowed itself in each country to be deeply coloured by the local religion. "Christianity," says Dean Milman, with great truth, "had its one Creator and Ruler of the universe, under whom the ancient polytheism subsided into a subordinate hierarchy of intermediate beings, which kept the imagination in play, and left undisturbed almost all the hereditary superstitions of each race." There are certainly traces in Stonehenge, which Mr. Pearson presses into the service of his theory, of Roman civilization and scientific knowledge; and if the cromlech, sacred numbers, and, as is ingeniously suggested, the amphitheatre all enter into its construction, there is nothing in this to disconnect the edifice from a Christianity which freely adopted and inwove in its own fabric the religious associations of each country. Mr. Pearson seems to feel this, for he adds, in a note which contrasts rather strangely with the text (p. 49), "I do not believe in Neo-Druidism as an organized system. I only believe that the British Church, especially among the more barbarous tribes, was half pagan in tone; and that facts taken from the Gospels were freely worked up into a new mythology, side by side with old superstitions." We fully coincide. This being the case, however, why speak at all of Neo-Druidism? Is there any evidence that British Christianity was freer at one time than at another from these impure influences?

One by one, Hume's supernatural and explosive changes are passing out of English history. The Roman municipality survived the Saxon conquest—not longer indeed part of the administrative mechanism, but rather an oasis among fiefs—then itself caught into the feudal system and made an incorporated "lord," yet, throughout, firm sunk in the social and commercial system of the country. The British population survived; imagined massacres find no place in the chronicles; and it is even possible that the conquered repeated the feat which forms so frequent and favourable a characteristic of the Roman empire, and educated their conquerors. "Hundreds of common words, relating especially to government, to agriculture, to household life and service, and to the arts of weaving, boatbuilding, carpentry, and smith's work, may still be traced in the limited Anglo-Saxon and Welsh vocabularies." Probably the mere fact of the subsequent growth of feudalism in England indicates a considerable development, social and industrial, on the part of the Romano-British population. The arts of peace, it is clear, might be safely entrusted to the conquered, while the conquerors devoted themselves to war. One great change, however, is very visible—the civil and military services of Rome, her permanent police, law-courts, and lawyers disappeared. Centuries elapsed before these were fully replaced. The feeble courts of the tithing, hundred, and shire, from which all notion of evidence had departed, except proof by miracle or compurgation, could not fill the void. The popular character of Anglo-Saxon institutions is belied by the exorbitant prerogative of granting franchises of territorial jurisdiction, which continually diminished the sphere of the popular courts. The Church could not give them vitality, though she supplemented their jurisdiction by her own; and the experience of 500 years of disorder suggested, first, the powerful and penetrating police measure of frankpledge, and then supported it by the sister-institution, feudalism, which strengthened society by making military service the condition precedent of landed property, while it confessed the weakness of the age by, as it were, petrifying patriotism into tenure. The creative revival of the eleventh and twelfth centuries combined with Christian influences to transfigure and idealize into chivalry the feudal element in the social fabric under which it arose; but the institution of frankpledge was one, as Sir Francis Palgrave says, of "strict espial, subordination, and coercion," and never appears to have challenged or conciliated the faintest movement of moral sympathy. We cannot follow Mr. Pearson in his admiration of this institution. To identify it with Anglo-Saxon society is to forget that Anglo-Saxon society existed five centuries without it. The reign of a Danish king is connected with its early years. Our idea of it is gained from legal treatises and records between the reigns of Henry II. and Edward I., and it is probable that Anglo-Norman monarchs had a considerable hand in its development.

Mr. Pearson voluntarily subjects himself to a condition which needlessly contracts his range of illustration, and distorts the perspective of his history by robbing it of a background. "Having rigidly restricted myself to English history" (pref. p. vii.) "and to the period I am discussing, I have left untouched many subjects which a more general work on the Middle Ages would

naturally embrace." There can be little doubt that the explanation of much early English history lies wholly out of England. The conversion of the Anglo-Saxons heads a long series of similar events. A comparison of the whole would throw vivid light on each, as well as on the ideas of evidence current at the time. The great figure of Boniface, and the Anglo-Saxons who counselled him from England or continued his work in Germany, are passed over in silence. Again, the "punctuation" of early English history comes mainly from abroad—its crises are the reflections of European conflicts. There is some slightness and hurry in Mr. Pearson's treatment of these relations. "God and the Danes," he says, "saved Europe" from falling under a Carolingian empire. Why not "God and the Magyars," or "God and the Saracens?" In the tenth century, each of these fiendish swarms helped the Danes to "rouse the provinces into new life by the necessity of self-defence." Gratian can hardly have refused the Pontifical robes in 367, as is implied in the third note on p. 42; for though he was no doubt associated in the empire at this date, he was only eight years old. Why not mention, or discover, the surname of the "Madonna Catrina," who figures in the note on p. 298? She is not unknown.

We cannot wholly pass over one transparent error in judgment which qualifies the pleasure with which we read this useful and interesting book. An irritable enthusiasm explodes at distant intervals throughout its earlier portion, and rises at the close to a pitch of excitement which appears little in harmony with the spirit of its tranquil researches. Mr. Pearson comes to his work heated by his honourable efforts in the cause of Mr. Turnbull. He has met Mr. Turnbull's persecutors on other and more appropriate arenas, and has helped by his vigour and perseverance to render the repetition of such injustice improbable. His last two or three pages (on religious liberty) have nothing really to do with his subject, and contain errors of fact, and even of composition. The old misconception about Shelley's children reappears (p. 464). There is no sense or purpose in lowering a great subject by so breathless a conclusion. We need not relate the old story of the poplar-avenue at Ferney, and the obnoxious neighbour from whose hated aspect it protected the senses and imagination of Voltaire. It is the duty of every man to plant his own "cache-Pieté" between himself and the past, or, at all events, not to sully the peace of history by ill-timed recollections of polemical efforts, however honourable in themselves.

THE OYSTER.*

THE object of this little book, evidently the work of a generous enthusiast, is to cultivate a healthy feeling about oysters in the mind of man. That we have not absolutely neglected the oyster the author admits, but he inclines to the belief that it does not occupy that place in our estimation to which its merits entitle it. Like little Jacob in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, we require to be taught "what oysters means." We have gone on through every changeful year opening and eating the oyster without asking whether any and what meaning lies between its shells—ichthyophagous Peter Bells, into whose hearts the succulent mollusc has never found its way, wherever else the process of assimilation may have gone on. The fact is, that from some cause which we cannot at present explain, the oyster is remarkably deficient in poetical affinities. It is among comestibles very much what the nose is among features. Every portion of the human face except the central prominence has, on occasion civil things said about it. The poets, while they lavish compliments upon eyes, cheeks, lips, and chin, invariably shirk the nose, as if it was a thing *quod versu dicere non est*—the introduction of which is enough to ruin a sonnet. Who ever heard of a lover making a woful ballad to his mistress' nose, or entreating her to drink to him only with her nose, or to take, oh, take that nose away? In fact, it is invariably ignored in a most marked manner, until it has become utterly demoralized; and then, with a refined cruelty, it is apostrophized by the lyrist as "Jolly Nose," and ironically congratulated upon its rubies. And yet, even laying aside all considerations of mere utility, there is not a more important member in the whole facial commonwealth, nor one which is regarded by its possessor with a more sincere though secret affection. It is the same with the oyster. We praise the roast beef of Old England, but not her "natives." Swift could sing of mutton, but not of molluscs. We have plenty of allusions to a barrel of ale, but not one to a barrel of oysters. There seems to be something of the ludicrous about the little fish which makes it unfit for poetical purposes. Probably, to nine out of every ten readers of the *Antiquary*, there is, if they would confess it, something mean in

The oyster loves the dredging song,
For they come of a gentle kind.

Why may not "an oyster be crossed in love," or what absurdity is there in assuming that it is liable to that misfortune? It has a heart, if not actually in its mouth, situated so very near it as to suggest an extreme susceptibility of strong emotion; and if it is remarkable for one quality more than another, that quality is sensitiveness. Our author tells us, if the shadow of a boat crosses it, "it closes the valves of its shell." But what is the shadow of a boat to unrequited affection? If the oyster has a

* *The Oyster; Where, How, and When to Find, Breed, Cook and Eat it.* London: Trübner and Co. 1861.

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tendency to shut up under the influence of a mere passing gloom, its sufferings in the case of a disappointment must be acuter than it gets credit for. Another thing which tells against the oyster is, that its moral character is not altogether satisfactory. It must be confessed that on the whole it is a rather loose fish, keeping late hours, and often to be found in reckless company, among kidneys, broiled bones, devils, and other dissipated and dyspeptic dishes that have a way of getting together and making a night of it after the theatre close. From this imputation the advocate before us does not attempt to defend his client, although no doubt privately he is of opinion that the oyster's delinquencies are owing rather to its mild and yielding nature than to any innate depravity. But to the concomitant charge of unwholesomeness he has a full and complete answer. Unlike the fiery kidney and viscous Welsh rabbit, the oyster is eminently digestible, and not only this, but absolutely an approved remedy for dyspepsia. Its own digestion, we are told, is conducted in an admirably simple manner, so that perhaps it may be considered a sort of sanitary Falstaff, not only blessed with a good digestion itself, but also the cause of a good digestion in others. Parr, Cockle, Morison, or Holloway never promised more complete relief to the afflicted. "Depression of spirits and other disagreeable feelings consequent on impaired digestion soon cease to affect them; they become cheerful and happy, and are enabled again to see clearly through the misty atmosphere which has hitherto enclosed them in a kind of living shroud; physical powers return, headaches disappear, and the heretofore dyspeptic, sour, unhappy-tempered man becomes a pleasant and joyous companion, full of life himself, and inspiring to those around him." The above-described physical happiness may be procured by taking a few oysters daily—say, two dozen every morning before breakfast—after the manner of Dr. Leroy, who, with an amount of poetical feeling seldom imported into therapeutics, "used always to say to friends, presenting them with the shells—'There, behold the fountain of my youthful strength.'"

Nor is indigestion the only thing for which oysters are to be recommended. Prawns, according to Mrs. Quickly, are "ill for a green wound." Not so oysters—"they increase the blood without heating the system, and hence, when a wound has caused much loss of blood, the eating of oysters not only prevents fever, but replaces the loss which no other remedy can effect." Further, they have been exhibited in obstinate cases of influenza and decline with triumphant success, and have even been found efficacious when used externally as a poultice. There is yet another employment for the oyster, to which the author alludes in a most delicately-worded "Note on Nursing." "During the time when a young child most requires maternal care and attention, the mother's diet of oysters will impart strength to the infant, and tend much to alleviate the pains of its first teething." In short, to sum up its merits, it is "at one and the same time a delicious food and a universal remedy for the ills which man is heir to." What a noble scheme it would be to found an establishment for the treatment of disease by means of oysters! We have water-cures, and we have—at least they have in the Tyrol—a grape-cure. Why should there not be an oyster-cure? It ought to be situated somewhere in the neighbourhood of Colchester or Whitstable, and, if possible, should have its own beds, in which case dredging for oysters might be found an interesting and healthful pastime for the convalescent. At any rate, there should be spacious pleasure-grounds, with plenty of ponds, in which, instead of stupid gold fish or dribbling fountains, tranquil oysters might be disposed in tasteful patterns, and taught to open their shells for bread-crums thrown to them by the patients. It would be desirable to have a few well-executed statues of eminent oyster-eaters, including the great unknown who "first risked the living morsel down his throat," and, as Gay most unphilosophically suggests, "had a palate covered o'er with brass or steel." Dr. Leroy, too, might be represented in the act of presenting two dozen oyster-shells to his friends, his noble words being inscribed on the pedestal. The great hall should be provided with an ample supply of marble tables and ebony tubs hooped with silver, at each of which a skilful opener, selected by competitive examination, should preside. It would be a pleasant sight, the administration of the morning course. There would be the invalided warrior, replacing with the aid of the kindly mollusc the blood which he lost in his country's defence—the statesman restoring tone to a stomach enfeebled by late hours and excesses in oranges upon the Treasury Bench—the venerable prelate fortifying a system shaken by Convocation and London dinners—the tender young mother merrily receiving her two dozen under the fatherly eye of Dr. Poldoody, the resident physician. Such an establishment would ere long supersede Malvern and Meran.

Some of the popular fallacies with regard to oysters are very ably handled by our author. In the first place, it must have been observed with deep sorrow by every thinking fish-eater that what is known in gastronomy as "the R. canon" has been gradually falling into contempt, especially with the lower orders. In this age of penny newspapers and popular information, and in this great city which never tires of trumpeting its civilization, the degrading spectacle of an oyster-stall in the full swing of business beneath a July sun has of late become so common as scarcely to excite remark. Years ago, that great social satirist, Mr. Leech, called attention in his peculiar manner to the frightful increase in this crime, as we may call it, when we look at the nature and possible results of the offence; but his

warning failed to check the revolting practice. On the Continent things are even worse. In July last, thirty persons were taken ill at Ostend in consequence of this ghoul-like propensity; and as to the French, their behaviour with respect to the oyster is of a piece with that habitual disregard of the laws of nature which makes them import spent salmon, as recent authorities have pointed out, and devour all sorts of creatures at all sorts of seasons, under the name of *gibier*. Indeed, it is extremely probable that the heresy had its origin in France. Perhaps it might be traced to those days of the revolution when the nation would have reconstructed the solar system if possible. At any rate, it is certain that in later years the famous Rocher de Cancale boasted of being able to supply its guests with oysters all the year round.

Nothing shows more clearly the laxity of public morality on this point than the question which every one has frequently heard put, "Why should not oysters be as good at Midsummer as at any other time?" The best answer is the feminine one—Because they are not. If any further explanation be required, it is this—that the oyster's breeding season is in summer. It varies slightly with the different species. Some may be eaten as late as the middle of May—others cease to be fit for opening in April. But from the beginning of June to the end of August there is no oyster—he be Milton, Colchester, or Ostender—that is not in the same condition as the wretched salmon that our neighbours exercise their meretricious cookery upon; and to eat him in that condition is, as our author, with honest indignation says, "a revolting, unhealthy, unclean error, which ought to be denied both at home and abroad by the strong hand of the law." Besides the physiological reasons for abstaining, there is another—namely, the strong probability that owing to the heat of the weather and the delicacy of the oyster's constitution, your intended victim has already departed this life.

Another even more common mistake about the oyster is that it should be eaten off the flat or upper shell, and swallowed whole. This is a sheer waste of the natural sauce which accompanies the fish, as well as of the finer flavours which are only to be extracted by mastication; and yet so widely spread is this error, that probably ninety-nine oyster-eaters in every hundred will ask how else can it be eaten? Hear our author on this point. "The oyster should be eaten the moment it is opened with its own liquor in the under shell." This liquor, be it observed, is not, as is vulgarly supposed, mere salt water. It is, in fact, the blood of the oyster, and should be allowed to attend the animal in his last moments while he is being gently "tickled to death" by the teeth of the judicious gourmand. There is a savage succulence about this precept that is horribly fascinating. Indeed, it is one of the principal attractions of oyster-eating that it is the sole relic of savage life left to us. In no other instance do we get so refreshing a glimpse of the simple ways of our remote ancestors. About the very knife with which we open the shells—the only trace of civilization in the entire business—there is a studied barbarism. Separated from its handle, and exhibited in a museum, the oyster-knife of the nineteenth century might easily pass for a scalping knife, or a spear-head, or an assegai, or some other early implement of warfare. As may be inferred from the above, our author's preference is given to the live oyster. He does not, however, totally repudiate cookery, or refuse oyster patties to his weaker brethren, on the ground of their resemblance to "children's ears in sawdust." For those who like such things he gives a selection of receipts which will be found pleasant and appetizing reading before dinner. Nor does he forget to provide for the tastes of those who, rising above mere sensual considerations, prefer to look on the oyster as an article of commerce and of food for the masses. For their benefit he devotes considerable space to the breeds and modes of cultivation peculiar to different localities. But the chief merit of the book is that it forms a very complete oyster-eater's manual. It cannot, perhaps, be called a book for the drawing-room, or one which ought to have a place in every gentleman's library; but we may safely say it is a book which ought to lie upon every supper-table, and which no fishmonger's shop should be without.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.*

WE have heard of a lecturer on crystallography who used to plunge at once in *medias res*, and commence his course: "Gentlemen, let *c d e f g* represent a polyhedron." Nor is it long since a Reader in Divinity at Cambridge, adhering perhaps too scrupulously to the letter of his instructions, confined himself to reading to his class certain portions of *Pearson on the Creed*. It is in a very different spirit that Dr. Stanley enters upon his duties as Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, and the large view he takes of the various knowledge which comes within the sphere of his subject may seem to some to run to excess in the opposite direction. Considering the whole course of ecclesiastical history to come within the range of his examination, he proceeds to define it in a very wide manner, so as to include the Jewish and perhaps even patriarchal records. He would commence his career with Abraham at least, and follow out the dealings of divine Providence through the whole course of its dispensations in every age and on every continent. The history, he says, of the chosen people, from Abraham to the Apostles, belongs to his chair; "and

* *Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D. London: Murray. 1861.

the fortunes of the seed of Abraham after the flesh form not a small portion of the fortunes of his descendants after the spirit." In the volume before us he extends his lectures on the Eastern Church so as to embrace even a rapid sketch of the characteristics of Mohammedanism, and carries his history of Abraham's descendants through the line of Ishmael as well as that of Isaac.

For ourselves, we can hardly admit that ecclesiastical, that is Church history, includes logically the account of every spiritual communication to mankind. Such a history would be little short of universal. It would embrace not only the history but the philosophy of all opinions. The bare facts of a spiritual movement would be unmeaning without the knowledge of the tendencies of thought which led to it. History is philosophy teaching by example, and the examples are worthless without the rule which they illustrate. Hence a complete ecclesiastical history, in Dr. Stanley's sense, should embrace a survey of all human thought on religious subjects through all time and in every region of the globe; "for we are all His children." Further, what is religious thought but a single department of the universal realm of intellect which acts and reacts upon all the rest? The bounds of so-called ecclesiastical history must be extended till they coincide with the bounds of human thought generally. But theology, according to the dictum of a late lamented scholar, is itself only a branch of philology, in the sense that we cannot understand theological, or indeed any other opinions, except through the medium of words which are the signs of thought, and language which is its vehicle. Ecclesiastical history, then, must be still further extended to the knowledge of the philosophy of speech; and how much further we care not to inquire.

It would seem, then, that it is vain to seek to define philosophically the proper limits of our Professor's functions, and if we want to satisfy ourselves what they are and what they are not, we must look in some other direction for the solution. It may be urged that the Professor should mentally survey the class before him, and, assuming their requirements as the true object of his teaching, ask himself simply how he can best shape and limit it with regard to their age and capacity, the time at their disposal, and the end and motives of their study. An academical class is limited to one, two, or at most three years, and to a certain number of hours in each year. A class in ecclesiastical history is further limited for the most part to young divinity students—men of average capacity, with certain definite objects before them, such as the Bishop's examination, and the reproduction of their knowledge in sermons and lectures to the average audiences of our towns and villages. If he keeps the requirements of such a class strictly before him, it is clear that the Professor must confine himself either to limited portions of history accurately and fully investigated, or to general principles broadly enunciated and partially illustrated. It has been usual at the Universities to take some definite period of special interest, such as the first three centuries of the Church, or the Reformation, or the vicissitudes of the Church of England, and to return to them again and again, as class succeeds to class, and generation to generation. Our academical teaching in this, as in other subjects, has generally been confined, perhaps narrow, in its scope; but it has aimed, not without success, at laying a deep foundation—*non multa sed multum*.

This view of the professorial functions is obvious and plausible, nor can any one object to its adoption. Nevertheless, we say at once that, in our judgment, Dr. Stanley has done better in repudiating it; for this view, again, must be limited by the circumstances of the particular case we are considering. At the English Universities, the Professor is supplementary to a large staff of College teachers; and he may fairly expect that what is most special and elementary in the sphere of his department should be taken off his hands by them. Particular instruction in definite periods of history may very well be left to the ordinary course of College tuition; and, to some extent, it is now supplied by the tutors and lecturers. But in the meagre provision we have at present among us for the higher training of youth throughout the country, the Oxford Professor of Ecclesiastical History is entitled to regard himself as the Professor for all England, with a chair only locally situated at Oxford. He speaks to the nation, and for the nation; he keeps us all acquainted with the views and judgments of universal scholarship on his extensive subject; and at the same time he conveys to universal scholarship an impression of what we are thinking, speaking, and writing about it in this country. He interprets the foreigner to the English—he represents the English to the foreigner. It should be his business, then, not to confine himself to the special requirements of divinity students, preparing them for holy orders and parochial labours, but to extend his survey to all classes of seekers after knowledge in his department, to enlarge the scope of their vision, elevate the tone of their inquiries, and breathe the spirit of philosophy into their studies. The branches of his subject to which he applies himself should be dictated by the extent of his own acquirements, and by his own estimate of their fitness and importance.

It is with this large conception of the sphere of inquiry open to the modern professoriate that we turn to Dr. Stanley's present volume. It comprises the first course of lectures that he has published, but it contains in addition three introductory lectures, in which he explains the view he takes of his functions, and sketches rapidly and broadly the main features of the course before him. These constitute, in fact, the introduction, not to this particular series only, but to those which may be expected

to follow, some of which will no doubt find their proper place eventually between the introduction and the volume before us. Dr. Stanley's survey of Ecclesiastical History, such as we do not despair of seeing it actually completed, magnificent as the design is, will be found, we presume, to commence with an ample narrative of the Jewish annals, illustrated by a constant reference to geographical and social details, for which he has shown in all his works a peculiar aptitude. Thence it will pass on to the foundation of Christianity, and the propagation of the Faith throughout the Roman Empire, to the point where it diverges into the two great divisions of the Eastern and the Western—the Greek and the Latin Church. Of the first of these two divisions we have a sketch now before us. Dr. Stanley explains, with great clearness and acuteness, the distinctive ideas of the Oriental mind in comparison or contrast with those with which we believers of the West are generally familiar, and shows how they have influenced and moulded the outward fortunes of the Eastern Church; but he throws himself with still more interest and vigour into the description of the most momentous scenes of Eastern Church history, and most of all into the delineation of individual characters. Thus, while he dwells with uncommon freshness and originality of view, in the present volume, on the stirring incidents of the Nicene Council and the Arian controversy, on the curious points of analogy presented by Mahometanism to certain forms of Christianity, on the picturesque details of the conversion of Russia, on the glories of the Kremlin, and the significant ceremonial of the Imperial coronation, he seems to tread with a step even more elastic whenever he finds himself face to face with a saint, a martyr, or a tyrant. His account of Athanasius, of Nicon, and of Ivan the Terrible will assuredly take a prominent place in our galleries of historical portraits. Meanwhile the career that is opened to his future lectures might dazzle a less steady gaze with its various magnificence. His succeeding courses will no doubt be directed to reviews, similar to that before us, of the progress of religion in the West. He will describe the characteristics and develop the ideas of the Latin Church as opposed to the Greek; he will sketch the rise of the Papacy, the Monastic system, the Military Orders, the Crusaders, the Councils, the Heresies, the Persecutions; and each sketch will be illustrated with the portrait of some central figure, the representative of the age or the principle. The third great cycle of ecclesiastical history will present the fortunes of Teutonic Christianity—the Reformation, the religious wars, the variations of Protestantism, Toleration, Enthusiasm, the Latitudinarians, the Rationalists, High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, and No Church. What phase the Church will have finally entered upon before this vast cycle is accomplished lies far beyond the reach of our conjecture. Whatever it may be, we are sure that Dr. Stanley will follow upon the track with no lagging pace; and we trust that he may continue to live and lecture till he describes to our grandchildren, in the same glowing language as ever, his eye undimmed and his natural force unabated, the terms of union, as yet untried for and unimagined, which shall be subscribed by Pope, Patriarch, and Presbyter at some great cosmopolitan synod assembled in Australia or America, in the year of grace 1900.

Such, however exaggerated in language, is the train of thought into which we are led by the perusal of the interesting volume before us. We have indicated the description of historical scenes and the delineation of individual character as the most striking features of Dr. Stanley's present lectures. But these are among the luxuries of the task of the lecturer on history; these are the plums of the feast to which our Professor invites us. The more solid and nutritive substance of his work must lie in the views it presents of thought and opinion, and of the manner in which these original tendencies have shaped themselves in outward form, in events and characters, in manners, habits, and ceremonials. The reader can hardly fail to imbibe a portion of the candid and liberal spirit with which Dr. Stanley leads him along the lines of contrast or comparison between the branch of the Christian Church of which he writes and those that lie side by side with it. By bringing together the views of some of the most humane thinkers of the great rival communions, he shows how much we all have to learn from each other, how much to admire, how much to forgive. Such statements as those before us, addressed to the most intelligent classes of English readers, are well fitted to lay the foundations, if not of union and comprehension, at least of mutual forbearance and respect, among all candid believers.

The portion of the first lecture which treats of the characteristics of the Eastern Church will present, perhaps, more interest to the ordinary reader than any other. It points anew the familiar distinction between the speculative tendency of the Oriental and the practical tendency of the Western Church:—

The first decree of an Eastern Council was to determine the relations of the Godhead. The first decree of the Pope of Rome was to interdict the marriage of the clergy. . . . The Latin divine succeeded to the Roman advocate. The Oriental divine succeeded to the Grecian sophist. . . . The abstract doctrines of the Godhead in the Alexandrian creed took the place, in the minds of theological students, which in the schools of philosophy had been occupied by the abstract ideas of the Platonic system. The subtleties of Roman law, as applied to the relations of God and man, which appear faintly in Augustine, more distinctly in Aquinas, more decisively still in Calvin and Luther, and, though from a somewhat larger point of view, in Grotius, are almost unknown to the East.

This distinction is carried out in the forms assumed by Monachism in the opposite regions of Christendom—in the

Pillar-saints of the East—in the Benedictines of the West—in the Ascetics of the Desert, and the Sisters of Charity. But these contrasts are not all to the disadvantage of the East. If the immobility of the Eastern mind has imbued it with an unreasoning confidence in its own decisions, and taught it to look down with the same serene contempt on the innovations in doctrine and ceremony which diversify the creeds of the Western world—if the Patriarch denounces the Pope as the first Protestant, and baptism by sprinkling as a development of Rationalism—if the Greek Church makes no effort to propagate its faith, and sometimes rejects, with a well-bred sneer, the stray sheep from our own communion who have once and again sought admission within its fold—this undoubting confidence in its own unassailable orthodoxy has borne at least the good fruit of toleration. Persecution is unknown in the Eastern Church both in theory and practice:—

Along the porticos of Eastern churches, both in Greece and Russia, are to be seen portrayed on the walls the figures of Homer, Thucydides, Pythagoras, and Plato, as pioneers preparing the way of Christianity. In the vast painting of the Last Judgment, which covers the west end of the chief cathedral of Moscow, Paradise is represented as divided and subdivided into many departments, or chambers, thus keeping before the minds even of the humblest the great doctrine of the Gospel—which has often been tacitly dropped out of Western religion—"In my Father's house are many mansions." . . . In the fair of Nijni Novgorod, on the confluence of the Volga and Oka, the Mahometan mosque and the Armenian church stand side by side with the Orthodox cathedral.

And again, after describing the deep-rooted antagonism which exists between the religious ideas of the East and the West of Christendom, and the strong bulwark presented by the Greek Church against undue claims or encroachments, whether at Rome, London, or Geneva, he adds a paragraph which we cannot forbear from quoting as characteristic both of the hopeful and liberal spirit which breathes throughout the volume, and of the freshness of the style in which it is written:—

Yet again, if we may make use of the Greek Church for purposes of war and defence, we may also make use of it for purposes of peace and harmony. It is often observed with regard to the most general features of manners, geography, and history, that the West can only be perfectly understood after having seen the East. A green field, a rushing stream, a mountain clothed with verdure from head to foot, will, I believe, always assume a new interest in the eyes of one who has come from the dry, bare, thirsty East. We trace a distinctness, a vividness, a family likeness in these features of Western Europe which, until we had seen their opposites, almost escape our notice. Like to this is the additional understanding of Western Christendom gained by a contemplation of its counterpart in the Oriental churches. However great the differences between the different branches of the Western Church, there are peculiarities in common which imply deeper elements of consanguinity and likeness than those which unite any of them to the communities of the East. The variety, the stir, the life, the turmoil, the *drive*, as our American brethren would call it, is in every Western church contrasted with the immobility, the repose, the inaction of Greece, of Syria, and of Russia. It is instructive for the stanch adherents of the Reformation to feel that the Latin Church, which we have been accustomed to regard as our chief antagonist, has after all the same elements of Western life and civilization as those of which we are justly proud; that whatever it be as compared with England and Germany, it is, as compared with Egypt and Syria, enlightened, progressive, in one word, Protestant. It is instructive for the opponents of the Reformation to see that in the Eastern section of the Christian Church, vast as it is, the whole Western Church, Latin and German, Papal and Lutheran, is often regarded as essentially one; that the first concessions to reason and freedom, which involve by necessity all the subsequent stages, were made long before Luther, in the bosom of the Roman Church itself; that the Papal See first led the way in schism from the parent stock in liberty of private judgment; that some of the most important points in which the Latin is now distinguished from the Greek Church, have been actually copied and imported from the new churches of the Protestant West. To trace this family resemblance between the different branches of the Occidental Church is the polemical object of an able treatise by a zealous member of the church of Russia [Quelques Mots, par un Chrétien orthodoxe] to trace it in a more friendly and hopeful spirit is a not unworthy aim of students of the Church of England.

The ardour of historical inquiry in our days has become an object of jealousy to some timid believers, and the extremes to which the critical spirit has been pushed, and the crude principles of criticism which have been somewhat ostentatiously put forward, have shaken the undoubting repose of many, and made them tremble for the strength of the foundations into which they have never carefully inquired. The historians owe, indeed, a peace-offering to the nervous susceptibilities they have awakened; and we accept it in such a book as that before us, which shows vividly how the true philosophy brings out the power of Christianity to influence every diversity of human intellect in every age and in the remotest climes. In the mysterious unchangeableness of the Oriental Church we recognise an unexpected guarantee for the perpetuity of the faith. There is still one Faith, one Baptism, among us. While the countless nations that lie beyond our pale are as the multitudinous atoms of a rope of sand, the principle of cohesion which exists between Greek and Latin, Orthodox and Catholic, Papist and Protestant, binds together all Christians, of whatever sectional denomination, in one strand of indissoluble fraternity.

THE PHILEBUS OF PLATO.*

THE writings of Plato have attracted a considerable amount of attention within the last few years. Professed scholars and students of philosophy, ever since the revival of learning,

have, of course, given them a place in their studies. But even these—the latter class at all events—have been disposed to assign to them a higher place of late than they previously enjoyed. At our Universities, for example—at one of them at all events, and that the one which has always recognised moral and metaphysical philosophy among her regular subjects of education—the current has decidedly set towards an enlarged study of Plato within the last twenty years. But the increased attention which has been paid to the philosopher is not confined to scholars and students of philosophy. Several efforts have been made of late to popularize the study of his works, and this increased supply is of itself an evidence of an increased demand. We have already had occasion to notice the translation of the Republic by Messrs. Llewelyn Davies and D. J. Vaughan, a work professedly designed not more for scholars than for those to whom, but for a translation, the Republic would be a sealed book. Since then the Master of Trinity has put forth *Platonic Dialogues for English Readers*. The title implies the design. The book is not a "crib" for lazy undergraduates, but a *bond fide* adaptation of the writings of Plato to the requirements of modern readers. Accordingly, it is not a mere translation. Had it been so, it would have been difficult to make it readable.

The two works which have given occasion for these observations bear additional evidence to this increasing demand for the writings of Plato—the first, as regards the scholar, and the second, in relation to the general public. Mr. Poste's edition of the *Philebus* is designed to form one of a connected series of editions of the Platonic Dialogues for the particular use of students. The Delegates of the Oxford Press have wisely resolved to encourage the publication of editions of the Classics with this special view. There is still a large field open in this direction, and practical editions of books which have not yet been edited in such a manner as to meet the needs of the present generation of scholars would be sure to find a ready market. Those who have ever been admitted within the arcana of the admirable institution over which the Delegates worthily preside, so far as to have been able to contemplate the piles of unsold sheets in the basement story of the edifice, will be apt to infer that they have not come to their decision at all too soon. The Platonic series will be the first-fruits of this determination; and Mr. Poste's *Philebus* forms the first of the Platonic series. He says:—

No edition of the works of Plato quite calculated to meet the wants of the student has as yet appeared. This deficiency it is proposed to supply by the joint labours of some members of the University of Oxford. The present edition of the *Philebus* is therefore to be regarded as one of a series. The whole series is intended to follow a uniform plan: as, however, each Dialogue will be entrusted to a single editor, differences of individual taste or opinion may possibly appear in the execution.

Prefixed to the Dialogue itself is a brief Introduction, giving an outline of its general argument. The comprehension of the Dialogue itself is further facilitated by a marginal analysis, indicating the mutual relation and interdependence of the several parts. The commentary rarely, if ever, descends to questions of grammatical interpretation. The notes are to a certain extent explanatory, but are more generally illustrative of the text. Perhaps something more would be wanted by any other than a good scholar, but then it is doubtful whether any but a good scholar is quite able to deal with Plato. The volume closes with an appendix, containing four essays illustrative of technical terms or modes of expression in Greek philosophy. These are on "Unity and Plurality," on "τὸ πέρας and τὸ ἀπέριον," on μηδέμη, and on φαντασία, respectively. The following extract from the second of these essays will give a favourable specimen of Mr. Poste's powers of illustrating the philosophical language of Plato by the conclusions of modern science:—

The following illustrations of the conception of Measure in some of its aspects are taken from Whewell's *Astronomy and General Physics*.

The solar system might have been so adjusted that the year should have been longer or shorter than it actually is. The earth might revolve round the sun at a distance greater or less than that which it actually has: the size or density of the central mass, the sun, might be increased or diminished in any proportion, and thus the time of the earth's revolution might have been increased or diminished in any degree. By any such change the working of the botanical world would be thrown into utter disorder. Most of our fruit trees, for example, require the year to be of its present length. If the summer and the autumn were much shorter, the fruit would not ripen; if these seasons were much longer, the tree would put forth a fresh suit of blossoms to be cut down by the winter.

Again: the force of gravity depends upon the mass of the earth, and is not determined by any cosmical necessity of which we are aware. If the intensity of gravity were to be much increased or diminished, if every object were to become twice as heavy, or only half as heavy as it now is, all the forces, both of voluntary and involuntary motion, which produce the present orderly results by being proportioned to the resistance which they experience, would be thrown off their balance, and produce motions too quick or too slow, wrong positions, jerks and stops, instead of steady, well-conducted movements. The force in plants which propels the sap is part of the economy of the vegetable world, and it is clear that the due operation of this force depends upon its being rightly proportioned to the force of gravity. The weight of the fluid must be counterbalanced, and an excess of force must exist to produce the motion upwards. . . . If, therefore, we suppose gravity to increase, the rapidity of the vegetable circulation will diminish, and the rate at which this function proceeds, will not correspond either to the course of the seasons, or to the other physiological processes with which this has to co-operate.

Mr. Poste's edition is so well executed that we look anxiously for other Dialogues in a similar form. Some of them, we understand, have been already for two or three years on the stocks. We would extend the remark to editions of other authors which,

* The *Philebus* of Plato, with a Revised Text and English Notes. By Edward Poste, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Oxford, University Press. 1860. *Philebus: a Dialogue of Plato, on Pleasure and Knowledge, and their Relations to the Highest Good.* Translated into English, by Edward Poste, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London: 1860.

as we have already intimated, are supposed to be in preparation at the Clarendon Press.

Mr. Poste's translation, like those of Dr. Whewell and Messrs. Davies and Vaughan respectively, professes to be accommodated to the use of English readers. Still, like the latter, and unlike the former, it is a translation, and not a *précis*. In the preface to his edition, Mr. Poste tells us that the translation is "published separately for the use of the English reader," but that it is also "so close as to perform the office of a philological commentary," and thus obviate the necessity of adding directly philological notes to the edition itself. Upon the whole, it strikes us that the translation is better calculated to perform the former than the latter function. It is good, sound, readable English—as readable, that is, as a version of Plato can very well be made—and fairly conveys the sense to those who are unable to deal with the original. But we doubt whether it can fairly be called close, so close, at all events, as to help a lame scholar over difficulties without the occasional risk of misleading him. In the first page, for example, we do not consider that *ὅσα τοῦ γένους ἑτοῖ τοῖς τοῦ σύμφωνα* is very fairly rendered by "all that is denoted by that sort of term"; again, in p. 3, "that is, to itself" gives the writer's meaning very fairly, but the student would fall into a terrible trap if he supposed (and many bad scholars might suppose) it to be a "close" translation of *τοῖς τοῦ γένους*. In the next line, we suppose nobody would take "thou acute reasoner" for a literal translation of *διαιδόνεις*; but, a few lines below, where *καὶ ταῦτα* is rendered "to the same extent," it might be supposed that identity of degree, rather than of kind, was intended by the expression. We fully admit the difficulty—nay, we think, the impossibility—of adapting the same version to the two purposes which Mr. Poste has in view.

Perhaps we shall do well to exhibit, for the benefit of our readers, a specimen of the treatment which Plato has received at his translator's hands. Of course the greatest difficulty is to deal fairly with the long-winded and somewhat loosely-constructed sentences in which the author delights:—

§ 6. Soc. So be it. How shall we begin the long and various battle on the disputed points? Shall it be thus?—

Pro. How?

Soc. I say that the transformations by logic of unity into plurality and plurality into unity meet us at every corner in every matter to which language is applied, and are neither transitory nor a modern apparition, but apparently an undying and unaging phenomenon of reason itself. And from age to age the youth who first detects it is delighted as if he had lit on a treasure of wisdom, and with eager enthusiasm leaves not a syllogism unturned, but now coils and ravelles up multiplicity into unity, now unrolls and disperses unity into plurality, to the utter confusion first and foremost of himself, next of any chance neighbour younger, older, or his equal in years, without mercy to father, mother, or any other listener, and hardly to the brutes, let alone mankind, for of course no barbarian would receive any quarter if an interpreter were to be had.

Pro. Socrates, do you see how many we are and all of us young? Have you no fear of our falling on you, Philebus at our head, if you make us the mark of your gibes? However, as there is a grain of truth in what you say, if there is any contrivance or spell to lay this spirit of wild confusion or charm it from the discussion, or any better path to the solution of our problem, pray, do your best to find it out, and we will do our best to follow in your steps. For it is an important question, Socrates.

Soc. It is indeed, boys, to use the title sanctioned by Philebus. However, there is not now can there be a more excellent way than one with which I have long been fascinated. . . . Listen to my description.

Pro. Proceed.

Soc. A gift of gods to men, such at least is my conviction, was flung from some quarter of heaven by some Prometheus along with a most luminous fire; and the men of old, who were better than we and dwelt nearer heaven, transmitted this oracle, that unity and multiplicity constitute what we call Being, and limit and infinity are inwoven in its nature; that, as this is the law of the cosmos, unity should be assumed in every province and proposed for discovery, and the search will not be vain; and after discovering unity we next should look to find within it a duad or triad, or some other number; and in each unit of these latter a further number; until the original One has been not only seen to have unity, multiplicity, and infinity, but has had its multiplicity counted; and that infinity should be kept away from the multiplicity until we have counted the multiplicity that intervenes between infinity and unity; then each unit of the multiplicity may be let go into infinity, and we may rest from our labours. The gods, as I said, sent down a tradition that this is the right method of inquiring and learning and teaching; but the wise of our day are too quick or too slow, as may happen, in making out the Manifold One, and introduce infinity immediately after unity, without ascertaining the intermediates, which is the distinction between dialectical and sophistical reasoning.

§ 7. Pro. I think I partly understand what you mean, Socrates, but I should like you to explain it more clearly.

The translator has preserved the easy, gentlemanlike tone of the interlocutors, and, in particular, the good-humoured banter of the principal speaker.

BOSWORTH'S OROSIIUS.*

WE hope the fact that Dr. Bosworth has published small editions of King Alfred's Orosius in six or seven different forms is proof of public interest in his labours as well as of his own energy. Of the value of his contributions to English history and scholarship there can be no doubt. The present volume will probably remain for a century at least an exhaustive edition of a classical work. Perhaps we should be better pleased if Dr. Bosworth had trusted more to himself and less to others. He seems to have incorporated a profuse collection of notes from all sources, good and indifferent, with his own criticisms on the text. Now etymology and European ethnology are

subjects on which second-rate opinions are absolutely worthless. It is clear that Dr. Bosworth himself very often does not agree with the authorities he quotes. For instance, he reproduces an essay by the late Mr. Hampson, on Alfred's Geography of Europe. This appeared first in the Jubilee edition of Alfred's works, and it certainly deserved better fate than the companionship of Mr. Tupper's poetry and Dr. Giles's scholarship. But Mr. Hampson, though an able, and to some extent a well-read man, was not a scientific scholar. He derived "gár secg," the ocean, from "geardes egg," the border of the land, and believed that the Ridings (trithings) of Yorkshire were so-called because their limits were ascertained on horseback. He appears to have been ignorant of Grimm's researches, and we shall have occasion to show that his conjectures on Slavonic ethnography are not very reliable. Of course, the blunders of a clever man have a certain value, but it was scarcely worth while to reprint them. All that was valuable in the essay might easily have been given in the notes.

The history of the MSS. and different editions of Orosius is interesting. The Lauderdale Manuscript, as it is called from one of its possessors, the famous Duke, is supposed to belong to the end of the ninth century, and is therefore perhaps the original which Alfred dictated. This, however, is a little unlikely, as there are some mistakes in it which seem to indicate that it is a transcript. The Cotton MS., belonging to the tenth century, is probably a copy of the Lauderdale, but derives a certain original value from the fact that it is perfect, while a portion of the other has been lost. There are occasional errors in names, which lead Mr. Hampson to quote, it would seem approvingly, a singular theory that our Anglo-Saxon manuscripts were the work of Irish monks. This at least can hardly be the case with the Cotton transcript, as the copyist has altered many words into another dialect, or a more approved orthography, in a manner which at least shows him to have known the language. Dr. Bosworth claims the merit of giving a reformed Anglo-Saxon text; while, at the same time, the smallest error or omission of a stroke is noticed in the Notes and Various Readings. We confess to regretting that the Cotton MS. has been made the basis of the text, on the ground that "its style and orthography have more the appearance of pure West Saxon than the Lauderdale, which, though older, has a more northerly aspect." If the object of the text be to reproduce the author's exact words, the more ancient is surely preferable to the more modern transcript, even though that has been rendered back into the author's supposed dialect. But is it certain that Alfred wrote a pure West Saxon? His mother was a Jute, from Kent, where the dialect approximates to Northumbrian forms; he himself married a Lincolnshire lady; his Court was filled with Anglian fugitives; and the northern dialect of England was the one first appropriated to literature. Alfred's own account of the ignorance south of the Thames, when he began to reign, makes it highly probable that he employed a secretary of northern extraction. But, however this may be, it is a pity, we think, that Dr. Bosworth has not reproduced the variations in orthography as carefully as the changes of accent and words. Probably he was deterred by their multiplicity; but they would very much have increased the philological importance of his *editio optima*. We hope, too, should the work come to another edition, that the variants will be put as foot-notes—not in an appendix.

The *History of the World by Orosius* is one that well deserves to be studied by modern scholars. It is a curious specimen of that decline of intellect in the fourth and fifth centuries which the Christian proscription of classical studies occasioned. Orosius lived in times when the Empire was overrun by barbarians, its provinces wrested from it, and the very capital occupied by Alaric's troops. Rome itself had always been one of the least Christian cities in the nominally Christian world, and Romans and Romanized citizens murmured loudly at the disgraces of their arms, and attributed their defeats to the new faith. They said, and not without justice, that Christianity had destroyed the traditions of the Empire and unnerved its soldiers. St. Augustine and Orosius wrote apologies for the faith. The theologian exposed the infamies and absurdities of the old religion, and contrasted them with the doctrines of the Church. Orosius attempted a more difficult task with inferior abilities. He tried to show that the history of the Pagan world had been one long record of wars and miseries. The obvious answer was, "We were miserable, but we were imperial; you have taken our royalty from us without diminishing wars and pestilences." Occasionally, it is true, Orosius attempts a grander strain, and rejoices that Spain and Gaul have been lost, since the conquerors have been Christianized. But he had not the real largeness of mind which could enable him to develop such an argument successfully. In spite of much reading and some ability, his works bear the same relation to real history that the historical publications of the Tract Society bear to Gibbon and Guizot. Mr. Buckle has observed that copious materials are a positive disadvantage to an uncritical intellect. Orosius was not only uncritical, but so prejudiced that his moral sense was perverted. He accepted the absurd story that Tiberius had exhorted the Senate of Rome to place Christ among the gods, ascribed his cruelties to his anger at their refusal, and dwelt upon them with some complacency as the visitation of God upon his enemies. In the same spirit he rejoiced that Valens, who had sent Arian missionaries among the Goths, was afterwards slain cruelly by them. "By the just judgment of God those very men burned him alive who on his

* King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon Version of the Compendious History of the World by Orosius. By the Rev. J. Bosworth, Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford. London: Longmans.

account, even when they are dead, will burn for the fault of a wrong opinion." Sometimes, it is true, this callousness of conscience leads him into the admission of a fact that tells against his own side. He allows that the Christians destroyed many books in the libraries of Alexandria, apparently from a dislike to the paganism they contained. This curious vindication of Caliph Omer deserves more attention than it has received. It cannot be said that Alfred rises above the level of his text-book in tolerance or largeness of view. The very conciseness of his style, which is no literal translation but an epitome, exhibits the worst sentiments of Orosius in their most repulsive form. But he sometimes intersperses an ethical reflection, in which we trace the translator of Boethius, or an amplification of the text from special knowledge of his own. His object undoubtedly was to give his people an encyclopaedic view of secular history and geography, as he gave them a history of the Church and a system of morals in his translations of Bede and Boethius.

In one instance Alfred's additions are so important that they almost form an independent work. Orosius had begun by describing the geography of the historical nations, and amongst these, in his time, the German and Slavonic were scarcely to be reckoned. But the countries between the Rhine and Elbe were precisely those in which Alfred felt most interest. A Norwegian nobleman, Ohthere, who had coasted round Norway to the White Sea, and a certain Wulfstan, who had sailed along the shores of Mecklenburg and Estonia, supplied the English king with narratives of their voyages. He is therefore particularly full in his notices of the Finns, Esths, and Biarmians, or dwellers by the White Sea, and describes the whale-fisheries of the north, and the ice-cellars of the Baltic Provinces. Ohthere's observation that the Finns and the Biarmians spoke nearly the same language is curious, proof how very recent the growth of the Slavonic nationality has been in Russia, and serves to show that they have spread from the south and west, north and eastwards. Unfortunately the two voyagers could give Alfred no accurate data concerning the tribes in the interior of either Russia or Germany. The former country he accordingly does not touch upon, and his notices of the latter are scanty and vague. Naturally, they are best of the districts near the German Ocean and the Rhine, and become fainter and more doubtful as the district is farther east and the people Slavonic. We believe, however, that Mr. Hampson, and Dr. Bosworth have extended the area unnecessarily. The mere fact that Alfred mentions the name Tanaïs proves nothing. He had derived it from Latin authors, and had certainly no very clear idea of the space between it and the Rhine. The question really is where the tribes whom he enumerates are to be placed. Names of rivers, which would be known to voyagers who saw their mouths, prove very little. If a scheme be made of the tribes given by Alfred in the order which he assigns them, we find the Moravians bordering on the Sysle Wends to the north, on the Thuringians, Bavarians, and Bohemians to the west, and on the Carinthians to the south, to the east on the Vistula, and to the north-east on the Dalamense, whom a doubtful conjecture identifies with the Slaves of Misnia or Meissen (perhaps Dol-Misni, lower Misnia). We have here followed Dr. Bosworth's explanations, and it is clear that these limits are impossible, and that either Alfred or his translators are at fault. No rectification of frontiers will construct a kingdom of Moravia that shall have the Vistula on the east and the valley of the Elbe on the north-east. We are inclined to believe that the confusion is hopeless. But to those who may still wish to elicit order out of chaos some suggestions may be offered. Is it certain that Wisle-land is the district of the Wisla or Vistula? May it not be the Wiesel-burger Gespannchaft, which is one of the modern districts of Hungary south-east of Vienna? This would make the latter part of the sentence, "and to the east of them are the Dacians" correct. If the Dalamense were Misnians, is it not more probable that the Sysle who lay to their west are Silesians than that they are Zekel, a people of Hungary. Again, Dr. Bosworth identifies the Wylte, who are called Haefelden, with the Wilzi, whom Evgiinhard speaks of as known by the Slavonic name of Weletabi. The mere term "savage," which the Germans have always been a little apt to apply to the Slaves, would be no sufficient mark of identification, but the district makes it probable that only one tribe is meant. Now, surely a better derivation for the name than Weolot, a giant, might be found. Even if it be possible philologically, it is at least not natural. On the other hand, the name of the Moldau, Wlawa, from which the Elbe (Labe) has been abridged, gives the exact word, and indicates the locality of the tribe who lived along the banks of the Lower Elbe and at its mouth. Lastly, although it is painful to destroy Mr. Hampson's romantic translation of Magtha-land, as "country of the maids, virgins, or Amazons," the district of Magdeburg suits Alfred's description better than any portion of Poland, and the name resembles the Saxon word at least as closely as Mazovia. Probably, if the English king had known such a legend as that of the Amazons or of the Bohemian princess Valasca, he would have inserted it; and the absence of all characteristic Polish names, such as Lech, is strong presumption that the district east of the Oder and south of Esthonia was quite unexplored. No doubt the Tanaïs and Rhenish mountains contributed to fill it up in Alfred's mind; but he probably never sketched a map—we certainly do not possess it—and it is difficult to construct one from his concise descrip-

tion. Our knowledge and our ignorance alike embarrass us; we know the country too well, and the exact localities of tribes in the ninth century too little.

Probably Dr. Bosworth will thank us for touching on our points of difference from him in preference to giving a mere summary of his labours. His reputation is of a kind that will bear criticism. And we repeat, that our chief quarrel with him is, that he has trusted too much to others and too little to himself.

SOMERVILLE'S LIFE AND TIMES.*

FAR inferior in interest though it is to the lately published Autobiography of "Jupiter" Carlyle, yet the present sketch of his own life and times, by Dr. Somerville, another minister of the Scottish Presbyterian Church, will well repay perusal. The author very truly remarks that the most trifling notices of familiar facts acquire importance as well as interest after the lapse of one or two generations. These Memoirs, which were written during an illness, in 1814, sixteen years before his death, give us the writer's reminiscences of men and things in Scotland so far back as 1750, when he was nine years of age. They were written for publication, but the author's representatives have, not unwisely, allowed almost half a century to pass away since they were penned before sending them to the press.

Dr. Somerville is known as the author of two historical works, besides some political pamphlets. His *History of the Revolution* was praised by Professor Smyth in his Cambridge Lectures as "on the whole, the best history of the reign of William III. as we yet have." His other work, a *History of the Reigns of Queen Anne*, has met with less favour. He belonged to the same lax and liberal school as did Alexander Carlyle, but he was not quite so indifferent to public opinion. The reader is bored not a little in these Memoirs by laboured excuses for theatre-going and convivial indulgences. So far as the latter were excessive, it is quite right to apologize for them. But as to the former, his self-defence is addressed, we presume, to readers on the other side of the Tweed—the successors of those who drove Home, the author of *Douglas*, to resign his cure, and who censured and suspended other ministers for going to see that insipid tragedy first acted. The fact seems to be that both Carlyle and Somerville had very little sympathy with the rigid doctrine or discipline of the religious body with which they were connected. The latter, indeed, was strongly tempted to forsake both his country and his profession, and to settle in London as a literary man by profession. Fortunately for him, however, Sir Gilbert Elliot, one of his friends and patrons, dissuaded him from this step by the sound argument that "persons, however celebrated for genius and erudition, who devoted themselves entirely to mercenary composition, seldom preserved purity of principle, or obtained respectability of character." Of this, too, he was convinced by an acquaintance which he formed with a compatriot, Gilbert Stuart, at the literary dinners of Murray of Fleet-street, the grandfather of the present eminent publisher of that name. This professional "literary man" had the effrontery to show Somerville "two contrasted characters of Alderman Beckford, the idol of the mob, which he was to insert in the antagonist newspapers most in circulation, one a panegyric and the other a libel, and for each of which he expected to receive the reward of a guinea." It must be admitted that Dr. Somerville is tedious in his narrative of squabbles in the Scotch Establishment in which he bore a part. The secessions and quarrels of which he speaks have long ceased to have an interest for any except perhaps the successors of the disputants. We rather sympathize with Mr. Fox, who once asked our author, in utter perplexity, "Who are the people whom you call Seceders in Scotland—what are their discriminating tenets? I suppose they are of the same temper with the party in England called Low Churchmen, and you of the Establishment belong to the High Church party?" "Quite the reverse," answered Somerville. Leaving, then, to Scotchmen our autobiographer's prosy reminiscences of Kirk controversies, his astonishing plea for schism as a healthy element in religious life, and his terribly dull enumeration of the professorial staff in the University of Edinburgh a century ago, we shall find him wonderfully more amusing when he records his first visit to London, in 1769. During his three months' stay in the metropolis he visited the Houses of Parliament, the Courts of Law, the theatres, coffee-houses, beer-houses, and prisons. He had good introductions, and made acquaintance with persons of all sorts and all opinions. Among these were Vincent, the headmaster, and Blair, whom he absurdly calls "one of the prebendaries" of Westminster, besides dissenters of every hue. With one of these, a Dr. Price, of Newington-green, who held Arian views, our orthodox Scotch minister does not scruple to communicate; and he remarks that Price's exhortations at the time of the Sacrament "were, in substance, the same with those generally introduced in our own Church at fencing the tables." The editor explains, in a footnote, for the benefit of those who are not Presbyterians, that the last extraordinary phrase means "the exhortation which is addressed to communicants immediately before their taking their seats at the communion-table." Dr. Somerville has little to say that is worth hearing about the forensic notabilities of that time, though they included Lord Camden, Mr. Wedderburn, and

* *My Own Life and Times.* 1741—1814. By Thomas Somerville, D.D., Minister of Jedburgh. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1861.

[May 11, 1861.]

Charles Yorke (who afterwards committed suicide because his political friends in opposition objected to his taking the Chancellorship). He just missed hearing Fox's maiden speech in support of the expulsion of Wilkes; and remarks that the biographers of that leader usually overlook "the early stages of his political career, and begin his life with his opposition to the American war, in order to conceal the fluctuation and versatility of his political conduct." Somerville heard Garrick in the characters of Don Felix, Archer, Ranger, and Lusingham—went to see two picture exhibitions and the model of Paris—and preferred the "variety of amusements at Vauxhall" to the "brilliant company and splendid embellishments of Ranelagh." He records, also, a day spent in the King's Bench "with a jovial company of prisoners, who seemed to be not only in a comfortable state, but living in luxury." At this time Wilkes was confined in that prison; but he occupied a separate house, and had a sumptuous table furnished daily by his political admirers. The execution of two criminals at Tyburn is thus described:—

Among the immense multitude of spectators, accommodated according to their rank and payment—some at windows, some upon carts, thousands standing and jostling one another on the surrounding fields—my conviction is that, in a moral point of view, a greater number were made worse than better by the awful spectacle. Of the ragamuffin class, a large proportion seemed gratified by the sight; and, within my hearing, many expressed their admiration of the fortitude, as they termed the hardness and stupidity, of one of the sufferers. "Well done, little coiner!" "What a brave fellow he is!" with many other expressions of gross, perverted applause, were repeated both on the spot and on the return through Oxford-road.

Our next extract describes the more famous preachers of 1769:—

The best sermon I heard when in London was delivered by Dr. Lowth, then Bishop of Oxford, on Galatians vi. 8. His manner was grave and solemn, his style perspicuous, pure, and nervous. Dr. Fordyce [a Presbyterian minister] was, undoubtedly, an eloquent preacher, but his delivery too pompous and theatrical. His congregation was then numerous and genteel, but I found he was declining from the zenith of popular fame. . . . The unfortunate Dr. Dodd was one of the most popular preachers, and attracted crowded assemblies to the Queen's Chapel, and the Magdalene, in Goodman's-fields, where he preached on the Sunday evenings. His sentiments were orthodox, occasionally pathetic, but often bombastic, and his style turgid. The pertness of his address, his apparent self-sufficiency and vanity, and the grossness of the details which he introduced in his address to the Magdalene, must have been alike offensive to most of his hearers. The Jewish Synagogue allured the attendance of strangers, chiefly by means of the excellency of the performers in vocal music. I ascribed to the same cause the crowded audience of Mr. Madan [the author of *Thelyphthora*—a curious plea for polygamy], though his doctrine was Calvinistical and popular. Mr. Romaine's audience was so large that the greater number were under the necessity of standing during the time of his delivering a sermon of an immoderate length, which, from what I heard, indistinctly and partially, appeared dry, mystical, and obscure.

Dr. Somerville travelled back to Edinburgh free of charge, on condition of becoming responsible for the safe conveyance of a trunk containing eight or ten thousand guineas for the Bank of Scotland. The treasure, a pair of loaded pistols, and a curious itinerary (which is here printed), were given into his charge. As might be expected, he had an anxious, sleepless journey of about four days and nights, and spent on the road nineteen out of the twenty guineas which were allowed him. The interest of the book does not revive from this point until his second visit to London, in 1779. In that year, accompanied by a brother minister, Somerville started for York, where, he says, "we spent a busy Sabbath—for we attended the Cathedral, the Methodist meeting, and the Dissenting congregation." One of his fellow-passengers, named Matthewson, who had attached himself to him on the journey, was taken up, the day after their arrival in London, for forgery. The police found out Somerville, who visited the man, and made him confess. But this did not save him from being hanged. There is a curious description of Sir John Fielding, the blind magistrate, who had succeeded his more famous brother, the novelist, in the Catherine-street Police-office. "Sir John had a bandage over his eyes, and held a little switch or rod in his hand, waving it before him as he descended from the bench. The sagacity he discovered in the questions he put to the witnesses, and a marked and successful attention, as I conceived, not only to the words, but to the accents and tones of the speaker, supplied the advantage which is usually rendered by the eye." The debates in Parliament in 1779 were about the American war, and a petition from Protestant Dissenters, presented by Mr. Dunning, for exemption from signing the Thirty-nine Articles. Returning to Scotland, Somerville took a creditable part in the discussion of a project for the relief of Roman Catholics, and made a very bad speculation in growing tobacco on his glebe-land at Jedburgh. Resolving to turn author, he visited London again, in 1785, for the purpose of studying in the British Museum. Dr. Woide, a Polish Hebraist, and the editor of the Alexandrian Codex, was then the keeper of the Oriental MSS. During this visit our autograph heard Mrs. Siddons, whom he thought inferior to Mrs. Yates in the expression of violent passions, but far superior in the portraiture of ordinary emotions. He saw her as Mrs. Beverley, in the *Gammer*, as Lady Macbeth, and also in her first, and unsuccessful, attempt at comedy as Rosalind in *As you Like it*. He had the good fortune to hear Pitt bring forward the Budget of that year. This is his account of the speech:—

The dry nature of the subject did not allow scope to that glowing eloquence and masterly address which he displayed in popular argumentative debates, but the elegance and perspicuity of financial detail rendered it not only interesting but pleasant, notwithstanding the length of his speech, viz., an hour and forty minutes. What astonished me most was the minute accuracy of his statement, and the promptitude and fidelity of his memory; for, as far

as I could observe, without any assistance from notes, and without any pause or hesitation, he specified all the multiplied sources of revenue and the articles of expenditure, often descending to fractions, and entering into intricate calculations with as much celerity as if they had been written under his eye. The tax on servant-maids was then first proposed. Sir James Johnstone, of Westerhall, set the house in a roar of laughter by saying that he had heard out of doors, with great alarm and indignation, of the intended exaction, and came to the House to protest the sex against the ungallant rapacity of the minister, but that he had laid his hands so gently upon them that his wrath was appeased. The tax was half-a-crown annually. Mr. Pitt was at that time represented by the anti-ministerial libellers as utterly insensible to the attraction of female charms.

Next, we have an account of David Williams, the Universalist, who, with the help of General Melville, opened a chapel in Margaret-street, which, after very curious vicissitudes, has developed into the splendid new church of All Saints. A sect called the "Bereans" seems to have shared the chapel with Williams's scanty congregation. Somerville acutely predicted the failure of the Universalist scheme, from the fact that few or no women joined the movement. A visit from no less a person than Burke to the Jedburgh manse, in 1785, is duly commemorated. Here is a specimen of the great man's talk. The prophecy about the Southern States, to be fulfilled seventy-five years afterwards, is curious:—

Mr. Burke professed himself a firm believer in the divine authority of the Gospels, but discovered what I thought an illiberal and exclusive partiality to the Episcopalian government and forms of worship. He spoke with high admiration of Butler's *Analogy*, as containing the most satisfactory answer to the objections of philosophical sceptics. I was not a little surprised by the disparaging and even contemptuous terms in which he expressed himself with regard to the Americans, whom he had so often eulogized in Parliament during the continuance of the late war. He said that he would not be surprised at the defection of some of the colonies from the Union—I believe he mentioned the Southern States.

Again, in 1791, Somerville went up to London—this time as a deputation, with respect to the agitation for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. This measure, however, was not to become law for thirty-seven years from that time. Here is an astounding statement:—

I was informed by trustworthy persons in London that, within the time of their remembrance, a disreputable curate with a dirty surplice used to be waiting at stated hours, daily (I think in St. Martin's Chapel), provided with communion elements, to be administered to those persons in office who had occasion to receive the wages or pay due to them from Government.

During this visit he made acquaintance with Peter Pindar, whose conversation at Mr. Murray's table was "a mixture of ribaldry, buffoonery, and obscene allusions." The opera was at that time, we are told, performed at the Pantheon. In 1792, Somerville came south again as far as Buxton. The hours and mode of life of the people in the North of England are described as very different from what he was used to in Scotland. At Leeds, for instance, "breakfast was on the table at eight o'clock, dinner at one, supper at seven, and we were always dismissed to our bedrooms with the light of day."

Two concluding chapters give the author's description of the manners and customs of his countrymen as he recollects them in early life. They are full of curious though not very new information. We note that every one in those days was obliged to carry his own knife and fork when travelling or visiting. The knife most commonly used was called a *Jockteleg*, being a corruption of John of Liege, a famous cutler of that city. The operation of "scoring" a witch—that is, drawing blood from above her eyebrows as an antidote against her incantations—was performed in the parish of Anerum as late as 1776. Our space forbids us to make further extracts. This unpretending little volume will be found very well worth the trouble of perusal.

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